

# Love and Other Lost Causes

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AU in a modern-day setting where Ryuko has to move in with her older sister Satsuki after the passing of her father. Alcohol/drug use, mentions of past rape/abuse/noncon, and sexual themes will present themselves in the form of consensual incest in later chapters (Ryuko la Satsuki).

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# Chapter 1

Satsuki shot up from her sleep, body drenched in sweat.

"Christ... Jesus *fucking* Christ..." she breathed, running a hand through her hair. She furrowed her eyebrows and tried to slow down her racing heart, but to no avail.

It was just different night with the same nightmare all over again. Recently, they had been getting worse. Satsuki glanced over to the clock that was blinking the time in an eerie blue. It was 2:17 in the morning, which was also around the usual time-frame of her awakening. It was like a damn ritual, a vicious cycle that she couldn't seem to break. She didn't have the nerve to bring up to her therapist the newest developments in her nightmares, either. She felt almost like she couldn't trust the woman anymore. Or maybe she couldn't trust herself. She lost track of that idea quite often.

She crawled out of bed with a heaving sigh, feet touching the cold, polished hardwood floor. She shuffled her way through the darkness and into the kitchen, groping around for the light switch. Her hand grazed it softly, flicking it on. She grabbed a glass from out of the cupboard and filled it straight from the tap. The lack of sleep was really beginning to get to her, she realized, as she attempted to walk back to her room, but stumbled and dropped the newly poured glass onto the floor, shattering it into fine sharp shards that now covered the floor around her.

"Nee-chan...?" a groggy voice called from the other room. Satsuki growled at her own stupidity and clumsiness. She had gone and woken her poor sister up now. " *Great job, asshole. She has classes in the morning* " she thought, her frustration growing.

A door opened and out shuffled Satsuki's younger sister, Ryuko. Her inky black hair was going every which way, the red streak sticking

straight up. She tried to blink the sleep out of her stormy blue eyes as she walked towards the kitchen.

"Ryuko, don't move. I broke a glass. I can clean it up" Satsuki started, taking a step carelessly onto a large shard of glass.

"Fuck! *God dammit* !" she hissed, her leg shooting up as she held her now bleeding foot.

"Oi, oi, calm down there, Incredible Hulk. Don't get too angry now" Ryuko snickered.

"Uhm... I hate to ask this, but can you please go get my damn house slippers?" Satsuki sighed.

"Of course" Ryuko obliged, taking care to avoid getting near the kitchen and the danger zone of glass. She disappeared into her older sister's room for just a moment before returning, holding up a pair of blue fuzzy slippers and tossing them underhanded to Satsuki. Satsuki nodded in thanks and slid her feet into them, smearing blood throughout her left shoe.

"Are you drunk?" Ryuko asked skeptically.

"Shit... Ugh, no. I just haven't been sleeping well recently" she murmured reluctantly.

"I thought that was a while ago. You told me you were fine the other night" Ryuko said, lips pursed.

"Well, I lied" Satsuki snapped.

"What is it that you're losing sleep over, Mr. Grinch?" Ryuko snorted. Satsuki snapped into her mind for a moment, scenes playing over and over in vivid detail.

"Just some nightmares. Been watching too many scary movies, I guess" she lied.

"You know, you always have some bullshit answer to why you always get up in the middle of the night looking scared shitless. I'm beginning to think there's things that you aren't telling me" Ryuko inquired.

Satsuki knew they had gotten close in the time that Ryuko had been there, but she wasn't ready to talk about certain things just yet.

Ryuko had moved in only a couple of months prior, after losing her father. Granted, he was almost never around, but he paid the bills. When he passed, it was either the sister she never met, or her mother. Both contacted her almost immediately, but Satsuki insisted, emphasis on insisted, that she did not live with her mom, but with her. It seemed strange, but something in her gut told her to trust the girl. Satsuki acted normal for the most part, but some days Ryuko could almost see something tearing into her mental health.

"Yes, Ryuko. I am just absolutely *plagued* by memories of... *That day* " Satsuki whispered seriously. Ryuko perked up, ready to hear the confessions of her older sister.

"These small, orange men with tufts of green hair began to sing and dance of moral standings... They were... So *tiny* . So... *Ugly* " Satsuki hissed, sarcastically holding her fist up to the air, shaking it softly.

"Are you ranting about that fucking Willy Wonka movie again? I get it, you thought it was garbage. Go to sleep, you twat" Ryuko sighed, causing Satsuki to snicker.

"You can't take a dose of your own, displeasing humor now, can you?" Satsuki scoffed. Her younger puffed her cheeks out childishly and swirled around quickly.

"Go to sleep. Knock if you want to be serious for 5 minutes" Ryuko growled, shuffling back into her room. Satsuki sighed with relief, and began to clean up the glass with a broom, sluggish and drained with her movements.

She slinked off to her room, and pulled out a small cigar box from beneath her mattress. She clicked the clasps open to reveal tightly packaged goods, lined up in an orderly fashion. The distinct smell of marijuana began to infect the room as the pale girl began to load some of the drugs from one of the bags into a small pipe from within the box. Her lighter sparked as she took a deep drag from the hand crafted piece of glass, and as she let her mind drift, she could have sworn that she heard a scuttling from down the hall, but chose to ignore it.

Soon, though, her bedroom door was flung open as the light beamed on, and she began to panic and her box of precious goods fell gracelessly to the ground, lit pipe landing on her cushions, effectively burning a hole in the first layer of cloth as she scrambled to hide her little habit.

"God dammit I *knew* it, you little piece of shit" Ryuko chuckled loudly, watching her sister fumble about, not seeming to know what to deal with first.

"I swear, it's not-" Satsuki began, but Ryuko cut her off as she picked up one of the bags from the floor, holding it up in the air and grinning.

"I guess I'll just have to take some form of payment as to not let the mighty Satsuki Kiryuin's secret out!" Ryuko cackled, Satsuki opening her mouth to protest as the door slammed shut once more.

She growled, sweeping burnt crumbles of pot off of her bed. She shoveled the rest of her contraband back into the box and under her bed, flicking the light back off. She pulled the covers over her head, deciding she was no longer in the mood to get high, but would spend the rest of the night in silence, until the sun rose to chase away her nightmares, bringing on her usual routine of normality.

It was only 2:45 am.

## Chapter 2

Satsuki figured she must have fallen asleep, because she awoke in the shower, water running cold, as the front door slammed shut. She shot up and quickly turned the water off, wrapping a towel around her chest. Before she shot out of the room, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and came to a solid stop.

She pressed her hands under her sunken eyes, touching the puffiness and discoloration from lack of sleep. She sighed, and shook her head. She didn't have time to properly take care of it, so she patted her face softly dry with the towel and tried to cover it with a light layer of foundation. Unfortunately, though, her skin was too pale to the contrast of her exhaustion, and it beamed through the make-up. She tossed the powder in the trash, swearing softly under her breath and stomping out of the bathroom.

As she entered her room through the master bathroom, she dug around in a bed stand to pull out a hair-tie, and made a loose ponytail to hold back her long, silky black hair. She slid into a pair of white shorts and a baggy grey shirt that slid off to one side of her body to expose one shoulder completely. She let herself fall onto the bed and stared with a blank expression at the ceiling. Her mind was gone for several moments, before a light buzzing pulled her back. She stretched over to the edge of the bed to grab her phone.

"831 NEW VOICEMAILS"

"1 NEW TEXT"

She paid absolutely no attention to the voicemails. If someone called and she cared about them, they left voicemails through a media attachment in a text. Voicemails were something that she refused to listen to. She knew it wouldn't help her recovery. She tapped on the screen and entered her pin, unlocking the little device.

*" You ok? The shower was running for like 30 mins. Are you dead? - RM "* was the text that was displayed before her. She was asleep for her whole morning? She instantly felt a tinge of anger towards herself, she liked making breakfast for Ryuko. She missed it.

*" Yeah sorry I just fell asleep. You better already be at campus, no texting and driving. Might have to beat your ass for it "* She responded flatly. She knew she could come across as a rude bitch to her sister sometimes, but honestly anyone who she was close to was used to her dry humor, bluntness, and sarcasm. Thankfully, her sister happened to be very similar to her in that aspect - that being the main reason they got along so well.

*" Yuh. Left early. Rollin' one with Mako and your band fag -RM "* Dammit, that was right. Ryuko took some of her weed.

*" What the fuck, by the way? You had no business in my room at that hour of the night, intruding on my personal time and space "* Satsuki groaned out loud as she got the short response.

*" Whatevs -RM "*

Satsuki was jealous, she realized. She was 19 years old, and should be as carefree as her sister. She wished she could just fill out college applications and get a terrible part time job. She didn't even need the job with all of her money. She was loaded. She wanted these things because they equivocated into normality, but she knew that was impossible. She tossed her phone to the end of the bed and nudged it off to the floor carefully. She didn't want to look at it, didn't want to think about it.

However, the phone beckoned her back with a buzz. One that extended in long pulses, and soon she found herself crawling to the edge of the bed. Someone was calling.

"BLOCKED"

She pressed decline calmly. It began to ring again.



"BLOCKED"

Decline. Buzz. She was getting oh-so-tired of this game.

"BLOCKED"

She huffed and, stupidly, pressed accept. She just wanted it to stop making noise. She didn't think about it as she did so.

" **Satsuki ?**"

Satsuki froze. The voice struck her heart into ice, her mouth became bone dry, and soon her heart was thudding painfully in her chest; she wished she could tear it out and insist that it would stop this wretched panic.

" **Satsuki? My dear ?**" The voice oozed toxicity and memories that Satsuki even now tried to repress. Satsuki scrambled to the phone and threw it - no, slammed it - into the wall. It shattered, touch screen dimming to darkness, spreading sharp plastic shards across the hardwood flooring.

She started trembling, and for a brief moment, it was all white in her head. When she came back from that fraction of blank nothingness, she screamed. It was a scream that was filled with ache, terror, and left a loneliness in her chest after it was over. She understood that being in an apartment meant that this probably, more than likely, deeply disturbed her neighbors, and that at least one was already calling the police. She ignored this, and let out another, this time it erupted into crying. She let herself break down, adrenaline pulsing throughout her blood, memories being forced into her mind's eye. She started whimpering and swearing loudly. This continued for only a moment, and the aftermath was a quiet, red-eyed, red-faced, snotty Satsuki that sat there, motionless. She inhaled sharply, then stomped off to her dresser. She changed quickly into a pair of jeans and threw a hoodie over her shirt. She zipped it up and pulled a beanie over her head. She made sure to grab her keys and slammed

the door shut, locking all three exterior locks with their own separate keys.

She needed a new phone.

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"The phone was ran over?" The man at the phone store questioned, doubt filled in his voice.

"Yeah. It's so shattered I figured it would be pointless to try to scoop it up to give to you for an exchange. I'll just by a new one" Satsuki said monotonously, staring into the back of the man's eyes. He was deeply unsettled by this, and just replied by nodding hastily and turning to the front desk. Satsuki opened her wallet and handed the cashier five, crisp 100 dollar bills. He stuttered, taken aback.

"Ma'am, we don't accept cash transactions before 12pm"

"Well I, Kiryuin Satsuki, would like a new phone, and I do not use credit cards. People put too much faith into the system. I need a new damn phone and if you don't just go into the back and get me a new phone God so help your merciful soul... !" Satsuki snarled, volume increasing to a dangerously loud indoor voice. The man yelped, and covered his face.

" Ms . Satsuki? Daughter of Kiryuin R-"

"You **God damn pig** I will have your head served on a platter for my **fucking dinner** , I-" she stopped herself and took a deep breath, adjusting her posture and clearing her voice.

"Do not speak of my mother. If you don't call the police, here's another hundred that you can just put in your pockets. Only if you let this under the radar" she said professionally. At this point, the man's face was pale and drained, and being the only other person at the store so early and unarmed, he once again nodded furiously.

"Yes ma'am! New phone for Ms. Kiryuin!" he wheezed as he ran to the back room to get the intimidating woman what she wanted.

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As the door of the store closed slowly behind her, Satsuki dialed a number she'd memorized by heart and waited as the phone rang.

"Nonon? Hey, I need someone to be around me. I'm not in a good place right now. I'm actually in a God forsaken shithole of a mentality and I almost assaulted a man for a phone"

"Satsuki-chan!" the voice on the other line screeched.

"Pipe down, pipe down. When is the soonest you can meet me at my apartment"

"I'll be there in 15. Just don't get arrested, *fucking* hell"

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### **Author's notes**

Sorry for another short chapter, but I needed to reveal some of the darker side of Satsuki without dragging it out too much. There's definitely more to come very soon, though!

I won't be able to update August 15th-18th, though, as I will be at a convention. I hope two short chapters will do for the time being. I'll at least start chapter 3 beforehand.

Shout out to user DeamonPrince for promoting me! I appreciate it so much! This amazing person can be found [here](#).

And another shout out to one of my closest friends, Matt (Pier Renault) who helped me name the story and convinced me to go through with posting it. Love ya, man c:

-Rayne

## Chapter 3

Ryuko sent a disapproving stare down at the test before her. She knew it was important, but unfortunately she had spent the past week daydreaming and knew almost none of the material. She glanced to her left to see if Mako, her only friend in the school, had done anything. But of course, the girl was face down, drooling on the unfilled scantron, sound asleep. Ryuko just sighed in defeat and began to fill in whatever bubble she felt like throughout the entire test. She signed her name quickly and stood up to turn it in. The teacher sent her a look of skepticism, but she ignored it and turned it into the tray. She returned to her desk and slumped over to put her head down. She was almost to a state of blissful sleep before the sound of the bell shot throughout her eardrums and she jolted awake. She nudged Mako frantically, the girl shooting up with the paper stuck to her face.

"Ryuko-chan! Is the test over?" Mako chirped.

"Yes. And you failed" Ryuko mumbled. Mako pulled the wet paper from her face and stared at it for a moment.

"I think you're right" Mako deadpanned. Ryuko rolled her eyes and grabbed her backpack and began to leave.

The day was finally over and she knew that her and her sister needed groceries. She figured she could pick up the basic necessities on her own without making Satsuki wait too long. The older girl seemed to have a disposition to her being out on her own too much. Ryuko had noticed in the short time they had spent together that she was beyond paranoid and protective, but seemed obsessed with the outside world. Ryuko was determined to get to the bottom of her sister's secrecy, but right now they needed milk and bread.

Ryuko walked at a steady pace down the sidewalk from her school, watching students join up and mingle, couples embracing and kissing. She wondered for a minute if she would ever look like them. Mako had a boyfriend, Gamagoori, who happened to be one of her sister's only friends. She tossed the idea of a boyfriend around in her head for a while, but none of it seemed appealing. Maybe she wasn't in to boys? The thought was foreign and strange to her, and she quickly dismissed it. She didn't ever really had a romantic interest in anyone, and dwelling over it was a waste of her time. The last thing she needed was to add another subject of interest to her mental list of worries.

She crossed the street and merged with the other pedestrians on their way to their own destinations. She let her mind drift into thoughts of how Satsuki would be when she got home. Some days the girl was uptight and proper, and other days she was simply exhausted, eyes deep and purple underneath, face thin and lips tight. Ryuko knew her sister had had a rough night, and to her guess, a rough morning to go with it. She was locked in the bathroom for the entire routine she liked to strictly follow every single day, and wouldn't even speak back to her when she knocked on the door. Ryuko figured she could pick up something nice for Satsuki at the store, something to maybe make her smile, if only for a minute. She felt like it was the least she could do. Her sister's unbiased kindness had landed her a roof to sleep under, and no one had done anything close to it her whole life. Ryuko smiled to herself, thinking about how lucky she was to get family like this. She slowly pulled herself back to reality, the parking lot of the store becoming the terrain in which she was treading on.

The store wasn't busy, as the after school bustle hadn't quite hit yet. Ryuko was thankful for that, because honestly she wasn't really all about social interaction. She pulled a squeaky metal cart from the entrance of the store and proceeded in, backpack now in the child's seat of the cart. She casually browsed throughout the shelves, knocking an item in every now and then. When she reached the dairy section, she reached for a carton of milk, only to have another

hand meet her fingertips. It felt cold and inhuman, and shocked Ryuko enough to pull back quickly to look at it's owner.

It was a girl slightly shorter than herself with platinum blonde hair tied into curly pigtails, staring at her with dull icy blue eyes. She looked like a cosplayer or something, because she wore an extravagant pink and white lolita dress with a large pink bow on her head. During this entire awkward moment of examination, the girl had the same cartoon-like smile stretched across her face, which only put Ryuko off even more.

"Ah! Excuse me!" The girl said with a fake enthusiasm that sounded robotic and rehearsed. She didn't break their eye contact, and when she blinked, for that one moment in between complete openness of her eye, Ryuko swore she saw something evil hidden in the petite girl. That's when she realized she was only making eye contact with a singular eye, a strange purple patch covering the other.

"Uh... Yeah... Sorry" Ryuko mumbled, swiftly turning to grab her cart. A firm grip surrounded her shoulder before she could escape, and her whole body froze. The blonde's hand was digging into her shoulder possessively.

"My name is Nui Harime! It's nice to finally meet you, Ryuko-chan!"

Ryuko's face drained. Who the fuck was this? Was this a sick joke that someone set up to freak her out? Well, shit, it was working. Ryuko spun around to knock the hand away, but it narrowly dodged any contact and pulled back to it's owner.

"I think you should go" Ryuko stammered, body immobile. Why couldn't she move?

"Mother wanted me to check up on you, since that's what siblings do for each other!" the girl said, her voice shrill and too eager. Sibling? What the fuck?

Ryuko quickly grabbed her bag from the cart and started to run. When she looked back, this Nui girl was still standing there, perfect grin plastered on her face, one finger on her lips, as if to say, "Shh". Ryuko left the groceries there and proceeded to run, not jog, not speed walk, but full on dash her way back to the apartment in which she shared with Satsuki.

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Nonon's voice pierced Satsuki's eardrums in an ungodly pitch, causing her to shiver and furrow her eyebrows even further. Satsuki closed her eyes and inhaled sharply, interrupting her best friend.

"Nonon, I promise you that I didn't invite you here today to bitch at me for the rest of my afternoon" she groaned.

"Well, Satsuki, you almost got arrested!" Nonon repeated.

"Ah yes, arrested, I believe that we've established this already. Are you done? Can we fucking hang out like normal people now? Christ!" she barked.

"Not until you understand the severity of this situation!"

"I do Nonon, I do"

"Obviously not, because it doesn't stop you from acting like a god damn child!" Nonon shrieked. Satsuki frowned deeply and stood up, towering over her small pink-haired companion.

"Don't fucking give me that" she warned, voice becoming guttural and animal.

"Or what? Will you threaten to behead me and eat my head for dinner?! That sounds an awful damn lot like something your mother would say!"

That sent Satsuki into pure white anger, grabbing Nonon's collar and lifting her into the air.

"Do **not** compare **me** to that utter *abomination* of this god damn planet! I'm *nothing* like her! You hear me! **Nothing** !" she barked, spittle hitting Nonon's face, her magenta eyes being filled with fear.

"Satsuki"

"I will *never* sink to her level!"

"Sats-"

" **Never** !"

" **SATSUKI** " Nonon screamed, flailing her legs and managing to get a good kick into Satsuki's stomach. The black haired beauty, who currently took the role of the beast, stumbled on the sharp corner of the glass coffee table. Nonon pushed away quickly, escaping the pain of the fall. Satsuki slammed her head against the wall, causing her ears to ring.

"Satsuki calm the fuck down! Jesus, I get it. You're not like your mom. But you know what? You'll get there if you keep acting like this! What's fucking wrong with you?!" Nonon's voice cracked at the end of the sentence, making her seem younger than she actually was. Satsuki rubbed the back of her throbbing head and eased herself back up into standing.

"She called" Satsuki whispered, almost inaudible. Nonon's body tensed up, and soon the room felt devoid of life. Nonon approached Satsuki, extending a hand, but quickly put it down. Soon, the two broke their moment of silence to the front door's handle being jerked about as someone tried to unlock all of the locks that Satsuki had gotten a different key for each one for.

Ryuko practically fell through the door, slamming it behind her, locking each lock in it's proper order, and even latched the locked that were only accessible from the inside. Ryuko slumped against the door, laying her bag down next to her, panting and talking quietly to herself.



"What... The fuck... What the fucking... Who was..." Ryuko began to laugh and rub her forehead with her index finger and thumb, trying to mentally blame this on something like laced pot. She knew it wasn't, though.

"Ryuko?" Satsuki said awkwardly, walking, then jogging, over to her sister.

"Satsuki. Satsuki there... What the fuck... Ok there was this... This..." Ryuko started hysterically, still half laughing.

"Ryuko, take a deep breath. What happened?"

Ryuko's laughter turned into something that sounded like sobs, arms extending towards her sister like a child. Satsuki froze for a minute, not knowing what to do when asked for physical contact. She pulled Ryuko up into a hug, Ryuko humming loudly into Satsuki's ear, running her hands through Satsuki's hair. Satsuki tried to form a sentence, but couldn't manage to, and just held her sister's waist.

"You won't believe this..." Ryuko whispered, massaging her sister's scalp.

"I bet I could" Satsuki tried.

"There was this... Weird weeaboo girl... In the store... She was totally creepy and only had one eye..." Ryuko started, Satsuki's body becoming perfectly rigid.

"Keep going Ryuko" Satsuki said nervously.

"She said her name was... Nui Harime? Yeah... She called me her sibling"

Satsuki pulled herself away from Ryuko, making a mad dash for the bathroom, barely making it on time to heave and vomit nothing but stomach acid into the toilet.

"I guess she couldn't believe it" Nonon gulped. She turned stiffly to the bathroom to assist her friend, Ryuko left standing in the doorway. Her hand felt sticky, and she raised it to her face. There was blood smeared on it, right where she was rubbing her older sister's head.

"What the fuck is going on?" Ryuko struggled out.

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## **Author's Notes**

Drama ooohhh.

Hope you guys enjoy this, I got it done a lot faster than I thought I would. Still tired from spending four days at convention, though. Did see some really good Ryuko cosplayers there :)

## Chapter 4

Satsuki's stomach continued to lurch violently as Ryuko stood baring witness to the scene before her in the doorway, watching as Nonon held Satsuki's thick black hair back in her tiny hands. Ryuko didn't know what to do or say, as she felt completely isolated from the scene. The only thing she could tune into and understand happened to be the sounds of pain coming from her gagging sister, who was kneeling over a toilet because of this other "sibling" of theirs. But was she really related? They looked nothing alike, and black hair was definitely a dominant trait over platinum blonde. Not to mention that Nui had peculiar purple eyes, nowhere near the strong blue hue the sisters shared.

"*Eye, singular, I guess*" thought Ryuko curiously. How do you lose a whole eye and manage to strike fear into someone's heart with only one? Goosebumps ran over Ryuko's fair skin, remembering the girl's mannerisms. They were completely forbidding, despite the girl's cheery look. The whole position she was in right now was definitely anything *but* cheery. Satsuki glanced up to make eye contact with Ryuko, and she was convinced she saw a moment of submission and dread in the older girl's eyes. She grasped the counter and struggled to regain her stance, ripping a piece of toilet paper off of the roll and wiping the sides of her mouth. Her hand was shaking.

"So I'm guessing you and this Nui girl have history?" Ryuko prodded, feeling that there wouldn't be any other way into this conversation other than to be completely straightforward. Satsuki scoffed rolled her eyes, shaking her head.

"Yeah, history" she said angrily, throwing the piece of toilet paper into the bowl and flushing it. She nudged Ryuko over to wash her hands, not looking up from the soap suds that formed and clung to her skin.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Ryuko asked cautiously, knowing how her sister wasn't too much for the "heart-to-heart" conversation.

"Not today. Not like this. I need a fresh bowl of mary-j and something to drink"

"You just threw up" Nonon criticized, crossing her arms.

"Nonon, you know the severity of Nui stalking Ryuko" Satsuki muttered.

"Woah what? *Stalking* ? Before we get into some really creepy shit, how about you explain to me who she is? Why did she make you so nervous? Why does she only have one eye and cover it like she's making a fashion statement? Why-"

"Ryuko. I said give me a while" Satsuki said weakly. Ryuko was shocked at her sudden change in attitude, sarcasm and walls falling, leaving a young woman who was visibly stressed out.

"I promise I'll talk about it soon, ok? Just... I need time. It's hard for me to talk about" She couldn't look at Ryuko as she said it. She knew the implications of "talking about it", meaning that Ryuko would hear about the Kiryuin family and it's state of affairs, and more personally, getting into her trauma. She was far from ready to talk about that.

Ryuko nodded solemnly. She felt bad for even asking, for even bringing this whole Nui thing up. She regretted running away like a coward, because it was just a girl. No, no she couldn't be "just a girl". Satsuki had lost her shit over the mention of her name. Maybe that was just the effect she had on people. But when Ryuko thought about it, the ice cold feeling of the girl's hand on her shoulder made her feel as if her fight-or-flight instincts had kicked in, and her body screamed in protest against the "fight" option. She honestly felt that, in that moment in a public place, in a *grocery store*, that her life was threatened. Even now, that made her uneasy.

"I think I should go now. This is some deep shit that I was not prepared to deal with" Nonon said, shaking her head as she grabbed

the hoodie she had arrived in from the back of the couch, sliding it on.

"Wait, what if Satsuki needs someone here for her? I don't know what's going on!" Ryuko panicked.

"Well, maybe it's time that she confides in you and starts to trust more people..." Nonon started

"I think it'd do her good"

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Satsuki crawled into her bed slowly, carefully, as if there was a monster underneath it and the slightest movement that was too spontaneous would wake it up and cause it to swallow her whole. Ryuko flopped down onto the top of the quilt and quickly began to pick at the burned holes in the blanket from the night before. She fiddled with it for minutes, Satsuki sitting there with the same blank expression, completely silent.

"Nui is my... *Our*... Stepsister" Satsuki said calmly. Ryuko looked up quickly.

"What? We have a step sister? Wait, ok, hold *on* . Our mom got remarried?" Ryuko asked.

"His name is Junketsu. He's a dick" she replied flatly.

"Anyways, she's our stepsister and she is a terroristic piece of shit who will try to do you physical and mental harm. She's a sociopath with no concern for anyone but herself and you should be worried about her stalking you. Worried, and more careful" She said, hand gripping the hem of her shirt. She tugged the piece of clothing off quickly, exposing her torso. Ryuko didn't know what she was expecting, but it sure as hell wasn't what she saw. Thick pink scars marred her otherwise flawless pale skin. Some looked as if they were once dangerously deep, and Ryuko could tell that these scars

didn't happen all at once, but over a period in which she did not know the duration.

"Nui... Did that to you?"

"For more years than I'm comfortable admitting, yes." Satsuki stared off to a blank spot on the wall as if she was making eye contact with it.

"Why didn't you stop her?" Ryuko asked weakly.

"It's not that easy, Ryuko." She said quietly, retreating her body under the sheets. She was about to ask her sister to leave, when she felt Ryuko lay atop the covers right next to her.

"What are you doing?" Satsuki growled, not being the one for physical contact.

"I wanted to know what it felt like" Ryuko said apprehensively.

"I wanted to know what it would have been like if we shared a bed. Like if we were kids. I know I can't take us back, but I would have stayed with you after she did that. You were alone, weren't you?"

"I appreciate your concern, but I don't need any sympathy" Satsuki muttered.

"There's more to that story, am I right? Just... More to you, isn't there?" Ryuko said, her breath so close to the back of Satsuki's head that it warmed parts of her hair.

"I'm afraid so"

Ryuko rolled over and off of the bed, stretching her arms lazily.

"You don't have to push me away, you know that, right?" Ryuko said quietly.

"I wouldn't if you didn't try so hard"

"Satsuki, I'm trying to help. We live together now, and believe it or not, the first time I heard of your existence, I felt cheated. I wanted to know my big sister. I was alone, too, believe it or not. Some nights I thought of running out and bringing you back home. Dad talked about you so much. He loved you. I'll continue doing his job, since he's fucking dead" Ryuko sighed, about to walk out of the room, when Satsuki spoke up.

"That's sweet of you, Ryuko. In a freakishly gay way"

Ryuko opened her mouth but decided to drop the subject, and spun around to leave, when Satsuki spoke again.

"Fine, fine. I do appreciate it. I just don't like admitting it" Ryuko turned enough for Satsuki to only see a flash of her smile before the girl flicked the lights off and left. As the door closed, Satsuki curled under the blankets, back to safety. As she raised the sheets, the smell of her sister filled her nose, and caused her to stop. She let Ryuko get that close to her, something she would never let a normal stranger do to her. Honestly, it felt nice. It felt safe. That, and her sister smelled surprisingly amazing.

And that thought made Satsuki feel sick, so she shut her eyes and tried to shrug it off. But her room felt huge and empty at that moment, so she got up, despite her mind protesting in rage. She undressed and redressed into a pair of boxer shorts and an oversized shirt and tied her hair bag with a small hairband. She dug around under her bed to grab the smooth wood of the cigar box, and took it with her as she exited to the living room.

Ryuko was leaning on one arm, watching the TV absentmindedly and flipping channels every time a commercial came on. Satsuki dropped down on the couch, causing Ryuko to jump.

"Woah. Hey" Ryuko muttered, tuning back into reality.

"Smoke with me"

"Excuse me?"

"You want to be here for me, right? Well, then let's watch shitty animal documentaries and get completely fucked on THC" Satsuki said, clicking the clasps of the box open and removing a perfectly rolled and oversized blunt.

"That's fucking huge" Ryuko gawked, staring at it longingly. Satsuki shrugged, bringing it to her lips and sparking the lighter, inhaling the burning plant matter. The burn was pleasant to her, and as she coughed slightly, she sucked more air in, covering her mouth and handing the blunt to her sister. Ryuko snatched it out of her hands quickly, as it was still lit and took a drag. They both held onto it for as long as they could, before exhaling a cloud of skunky smoke. Satsuki reached for the remote and flipped through channels until they reached Animal Planet.

"Ocean stuff. Shit yes" Ryuko grinned.

"It's so crazy, it's so deep! I wish I could see it" Satsuki smiled at her sister's enthusiasm for the world and took the blunt from her, repeating the cycle of smoking. After a few more puffs, the two sisters were so far gone that they just sat there, staring with glassy eyes at the screen of the TV.

"Thank you" Satsuki finally said, looking at Ryuko for longer than normal, but in her defense, the world was moving sluggishly, and seconds seemed to be minutes, and minutes were hours. Ryuko turned and smiled that toothy grin, exposing her large canines.

"For what? You're the one who brought the drugs"

"Not that, you moron. I mean for sitting here and smoking them with me. I can't sleep, and I needed company. So thank you for your company" Satsuki said reluctantly, hating to have to spell everything out for the younger.



Ryuko chuckled softly and let her eyes grow heavy, slumping over to one end of the couch.

"It's no problem"

Satsuki looked at the rise and fall of her sister's body, and inched closer.

"Can I ask you for something? And when I ask, don't be a dick, I just need a yes or no" Satsuki struggled, already regretting bringing it up.

"Sure, go for it"

"Can I -... Oh God I am 18 years old and this is stupid"

"Just say it, Christ"

"Can I snuggle with you?" Satsuki blurted, a streak of red smearing across her face.

"I know it's immature, but Ryuko I can't sleep for more reasons than restlessness. Reasons I hope someday I can tell you. Nonon's right, I need more people I can trust in my life. It's hard for me, but please just give your really blazed sister this one small satisfaction of seeing what it's like to be next to another person when they sleep. Just tonight. I know its hella gay and lame, but I - "

"Just stop. Yes. You're sounding more and more like an idiot, just come here" Ryuko said, extending her arm. Satsuki took her hand and pulled herself onto Ryuko's chest, curling by default onto her.

"This is really gay" Satsuki whispered, watching as the fish on the screen swam in clusters, not seeming to be uncomfortable with close contact as she was.

"Shh. Sleep" Ryuko said, already getting further out of her consciousness.

The last thought Satsuki had before sleep finally granted her peace was that, once again, that her sister smelled great.

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### **Author's Notes**

Gay babieesss. I shit you not I wrote this in my English class. I'm supposed to be working. I'm writing gay fanfiction. End me.

-Rayne

## Chapter 5

Satsuki awoke slowly, unlike almost every single night she had ever had her whole life. She wasn't scared or anxious, she wasn't sweating. This almost sent her into a panic in itself, because she assumed instantly that she had finally died and was now in purgatory or some alternate dimension, awaiting her judgment. But what kind of heaven was making her chest feel wet and cold?

"Ew" Satsuki murmured, staring down at her younger sister, Ryuko, who had crawled on top of her chest at some point in the night, and had been drooling on her shirt. She grimaced, nudging the girl softly.

"Ryuko... Ryuko that's disgusting... Get off..." She said quietly, trying to be as polite as she could; which, in the case of Satsuki, wasn't very polite. The only response Satsuki managed to receive was an unattractive grunt followed by a soft squeeze. Her breath caught as she registered the weight of her younger, who has been there the whole time, and a painful jolt struck something soft in her chest. She breathed in deeply, but as quietly as she could muster, and inhaled the scent that she had noticed before. It was strange, because it smelled as if someone had sprayed a man's body spray in a Bath and Body Works or something; masculinity dancing around a breeze of femininity. It was sweet and bold, and it caused Satsuki to do it again. Her eyelids fluttered shut, nose atop Ryuko's messy mop of inky-black and blue hair.

"Uhm"

Satsuki visibly jolted, causing Ryuko to bounce and sit up with a swift motion. The two met with similar deep and vibrantly blue eyes, exchanging no words. Satsuki stuttered awkwardly, not being able to think of a legitimate good excuse or little white lie. Soon, the tension was interrupted by a cocky grin stretching ear to ear on Ryuko's face, every feature in her face alluding the torment that would follow.

"Aw, did nee-chan like snugglin'?" Ryuko snorted, getting ready to tease her sister to her full extent.

"What was that, Ryuko? You're eight-years-old? Who *actually* calls their sister *that*?"

"Oh, yeah, like *you* have room to judge" Ryuko huffed as she scrunched her eyebrows as tightly together as she could, her grin turning into an exaggerated frown.

"My name is Kiryuin Satsuki, and I like fondling my little sister's head because she's *really* cute and I secretly like to be held, but instead, I'll put on this façade of total dominance and control, which both are *two characteristics I am completely devoid of*" Ryuko said in a deep, stoic voice resembling her sister's, bringing her thumbs to her brows and wiggling them uncontrollably.

" *Cute* ? Don't flatter yourself" Satsuki scoffed, pushing off of the couch and striding to the kitchen. She wondered to herself why she had acted the way she did to Ryuko before she woke up. It was unlike her, and that made her upset. " *Ryuko is wrong*", she thought. She knew she had control of herself.

" *Do I really, though?* "

"You're still gonna make breakfast for me?" Ryuko asked, setting her head down on the back of the couch to watch her roommate.

"Yes, but you don't deserve it" she replied coldly, bringing out a skillet to prepare eggs in.

She didn't mean it.

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Satsuki was regretting the decision to not call off the appointment the longer she sat in the completely unflattering room that she had damned herself to appearing in every week. Well, not *her* so much as her obedience to her friends, in which case, it was Nonon's fault

for guilt tripping her there. She figured her friend would have her stop the sessions if she ever saw the color of the wall that some poor idiot picked out, thinking it would be 'soothing', or something utterly fucking ridiculous. It was a color that Satsuki had deemed 'borange', which had a resemblance to that of squishy brown rotting pumpkin guts. She didn't know who on this entire planet would have even come up with such an ugly paint, or who in their right mind would buy it, *and then proceed to paint their workspace that color* . In Satsuki's opinion, it was really just a series of unfortunate events - one of many in her disappointing life that she could never seem to prevent. The smell was also on that list, as it only made her more nauseous than she already was with that godforsaken wall. It smelled like a craft store, specifically during the fall season, when they pulled out all of their *very* serious Christmas decorations that smelled like artificial pine and cinnamon apple puke. The worst part about the smell was that afterwards, upon returning home, the scent still continued to linger in her nostrils. Unfortunate. Fucking horrid.

"How are you today, Ms. Satsuki?" chimed the mousey woman. Her glasses were too big for her eyes, and her hair was too big for her head with these thick, coarse deep brown locks that sprouted out in every which way. Her lipstick always seemed smeared, and it was that bright red stuff that stained, too, all over her extraordinarily pale skin. Satsuki honestly didn't care to the point that she didn't know the woman's real name, and had just deemed her to be Ms. J, and only paid the bill out to the company she worked for, letting them handle the rest for her. She wasn't going to put herself through more than she already had to go through.

"Fine, I guess" Satsuki hummed, digging her fingers into the arm of the couch. It was fake leather and it wasn't that comfortable. Ms. J scribbled notes down as Satsuki said this, making Satsuki wonder what was even that important in that sentence to be written down on the woman's little book of fucked-up-land. She wished she could thumb through the notes, because maybe someone had it worse than her, and maybe it would make her feel better to read about their

trials. Unfortunately, the notebook was never out of arm's reach from Ms. J, who kept watch over it like a mother to her newborn child.

"How is life with your little sister going? Oh, I'm so excited to hear all about it!" her voice seemed as fake as the couch.

"I don't pay you so you can pretend to care, I pay you so you can 'fix' me or whatever. I pay you to tell me the magic trick to fixing my situation, not sit me down for story time like my grandmother" Satsuki growled, hating when people talked to her in that voice. It was simply condescending and not fit for anyone over the age of six.

"Oh, my dear, it's so much more than that, though! It is a healing process, I can't simply wave my magic wand. If I could, I would do it in a heartbeat!" Satsuki felt her eyes roll to the back of her head, leaning her head back.

"Ok" was all she let herself say, because she knew that if she said more, she would probably be kicked out. Therapists just frustrated the hell out of her, for some reason. The room was quiet for a minute, the wall clock ticking loudly enough to cause Satsuki's leg to bounce up and down impatiently, wanting their dreaded hour to be over already. Satsuki figured that this time, just like every other time, she would talk about her life and her nightmares and she would be triggered and probably shut down half way through, the session ending after about thirty minutes of silence, finishing with goodbyes that were too drawn out and casual for this kind of thing. Today was not like every other day, though, because therapists always knew that there was something else going on when you didn't want them to, because they loved to burrow into your thoughts and dig around for anything that would make you squirm. They always knew how to get you to talk.

"My sister... Yeah, we're doing well"

"What about the situation with your family?"

Satsuki shivered, closing her eyes.

"No foreplay, huh? Just gonna go straight to fucking me in the ass, no lube or anything" Satsuki hummed, continuing her attack on the sofa's arm.

"Ragyo called. Nui stalked my sister. So pretty shit, Ms. J. Pretty shit" she said dryly, deciding that if J wasn't going to beat around the bush that she wouldn't, either.

"Oh my. How did those two events make you feel?"

Ah yes, there it was. The one sentence that was so excruciatingly cliché that even the mere thought could bring Satsuki down to her knees in pain.

"I had a mental breakdown, what the fuck do you think?" Satsuki responded, tone venomous and angry. Ms. J adjusted her glasses on the bridge of her nose as she tried to recover from her patient's fowl mouth from the events of the past few minutes, jotting something quickly on the paper.

"Satsuki, can I ask you a question?"

"If I say 'no', you'll ask anyways. So yes, go right ahead"

"What is keeping you from comfortably expressing your emotions? I have noticed that when the going gets rough, you put on a frown and defend yourself. What are you so afraid of?" Ms. J pried, studying the younger girl's face as she finished her sentence. Satsuki breathed in deeply, looking at the clock above.

"Everything" was her response, as she looked down.

"And what do you mean by that?"

"Full of questions today..." Satsuki groaned, leaning back into the seat.

"Afraid of losing what little I have left. Do you think just because I am infinitely wealthy that I don't have to worry about anything? If my

mom wants to, she could just waltz over and ruin everything. I bet she'd pull some elaborate scheme and make me the header of tomorrow's paper, and turn it into a family scandal, using it as an excuse to be around me more to 'fix me', and then, guess what, she'll fucking rape me like she does. And I'll freeze up and cry when it's over, and she'll give me some bullshit about how it makes me 'pure' and honestly, I'm not going to let that happen anymore. Also, she'd take Ryuko away" Satsuki's words choked on the last sentence, stunned by her moment of actually feeling something. It burned so hot under her chest, a rage that started to consume her head to toe, that when she dug her nails into the couch for a final barrage of abuse, the material tore, and she began to pull out some of the cushion, tossing it to the ground angrily.

"She already kept her from me for 17 years of my life. And I know damn well that she's capable of doing whatever she pleases. She blinded my friend, Uzu, and got away with it. She used Inumuta as a scapegoat for a system malfunction for the company's lack of proper security, and he's still facing trial, which, I still have to attend in a few weeks. I probably won't ever see him after that. Because they, of course, will find him guilty, and he'll be locked away. She's beaten Nonon several times for being over at our house when I still lived there, and Ira's gotten some lashes of her fury for being a shield for me from her shit, too. The last thing I need is for another person to be sucked into this family's drama over me" Satsuki said, her voice increasing in volume as her anger rose.

"What is your relationship with your sister?" Ms. J tried, attempting to ease the air of tension, even if only for a moment.

"Well, we're getting really close, finally. Last night we fell asleep on the couch watching Animal Planet" Satsuki said, her body beginning to cool at just the memory.

"We smoked a bunch of pot and then she let me cuddle with her. It made me feel... Safe" She reluctantly let out. Ms. J looked frightened for a minute, inserting her opinion quickly.



"You let her hold you? My, that is some improvement... But how did her touch make you react?" Ms. J hurried out, as if it was of the upmost importance that she got the answer that very second.

"I... I don't know..." Satsuki stuttered, remembering Ryuko's smell, her warmth, her weight, and how she had experienced something... New. Something that was troubling her a great deal, and Ms. J picked up on this instantly.

"Satsuki, do you th-", but before Ms. J could finish, a jingle emitted from the wall clock above. Satsuki darted up and almost tripped on the lamp beside her.

"Our hour is up, I guess!" She chimed as Ms. J began to protest.

"Wait, Sa-"

"Expect the payment by the end of this month! Oh, and sorry about your couch" she mumbled, hurrying out of the door and through the main office, leaving her therapist in the small, aromatic room. Satsuki jogged down the stairs and pushed out of the door quickly, and began to make her way in the direction of Nonon's house.

Something about the question that her therapist had asked made her feel gross and unclean, guilty, almost. She wasn't in the right mindset to deal with it, she decided, and she zipped up her white and blue hoodie to protect against the wind. Her pace increased, through the sidewalks of busy streets and suburbs, until she made it to the trails of the park only a few minutes away from her friend's house. While it was a public park, it was actually off the main path, and few people actually visited it, making it her favorite place in the world to be to smoke.

She ducked into an opening in the brush that lined the pathway and skidded down the loose dirt beneath her until she came to a halt in front of a small, bubbling stream. She dug around in her tight jean pockets, rummaging through until she reached a small, perfectly rolled joint. She sat on the edge of a rock, kicking her shoes off and

dipping her feet in the cool, clear water. As she lit her joint, she stared into her reflection, touching her face as she inhaled. She didn't really like looking at herself, as she saw the resemblance between her and her attacker in every feature, as they were related. Flashes of her mother's pale, sharp face invaded her mind. She saw her white hair, dyed underneath with all of the colors of the spectrum, glowing in front of her as she climbed atop her in the Kiryuin bath house.

**" *I promise, Satsuki, you'll feel amazing* "** Satsuki heard those words as clear as day, as if Ragyo was standing behind her. She turned around for good measure, but nothing was there - only the shadows of the sun through the treetops casting their patterns on the wet earth below. She was, ultimately alone, she realized; the thought making her heavy and sad.

She stood up quickly, throwing the remnants of the joint in the water. It drifted away down the stream, bouncing around the rocks, so dangerously close to being hit; so dangerously close to being dragged down under the tide.

As Satsuki left up the dirt slope to continue her journey to the Jakuzure residence, she didn't notice the short, slim figure behind her, who had been watching the whole time. If she had, she would have seen Nui's smile turn into a macabre Cheshire grin, and she would have realized that she was never *truly* alone in her safe haven.

Ever.

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### **Author's notes**

Bah. This was a waayyy late. I have tendinitis in my knee, and it's been bringing me down and getting me stuck in a rut of some sort. Also, work on school days drains me (and only furthers my injury; *not like they care ejrhbgjehbteht* ).

Anyways, I think I'm going to start posting any news/updates ( **not chapters or parts of the story** ) to my Tumblr (Username: Rayne-Sky-Of-Armady). I'll tag it "L&OLC", so if you search through my tags, you should find it. It's my personal blog, so I understand if you don't want to follow it. Just putting a little FYI here.

Hopefully chapter 6 gets done a *lot* quicker than this.

-Rayne

## Chapter 6

Satsuki smiled as the strap of the guitar wrapped around her shoulders, the cool leather bringing a moment of serenity. She quietly tapped the strings, fingering the few notes she would play through the song.

Despite her deep disdain for concert or marching band, the one instrument she enjoyed throughout the years was the guitar. She wasn't the best at it, but it calmed her nevertheless, and Nonon would assist her when needed. Unlike Satsuki, Nonon had a deep passion for organized bands and directing, and had become a drum major when they were still in high school. But Satsuki never stopped her visits to the small girl's house to play a few songs together - it was one of the extremely limited constants in her life that she eternally would thank the heavens for.

That's where she was now, her fragile little pink-haired friend sitting across from her, feet dangling off of her bed that was too big for her. She too had a guitar slung around her shoulders, and just like Satsuki, was ecstatic about privately performing with her best friend. In her mind, they were famous, a two-man band who played for tips and change, travelling the country on an old VW bus, toking up and showering in gas stations. The whole dream made her feel free... No, that wasn't it. It was that it made her think for a brief moment that her metaphorical older sister was free. That was extremely important to her.

"What are we doing today, Nonon?" Satsuki asked, tuning her strings and humming the proper tones that they belonged in.

"Well, I was thinking that we could do some Weatherbox, but first, I wanted to show you something absolutely *amazing* " Nonon said, standing up on the mattress, temporarily towering over the tall dark-haired girl.

Nonon began to make muffled shouts of a fictional crowd, raising the frame of an invisible camera to her face, pretending to be paparazzi. She then reverted to 'herself', smiling and waving to the 'crowd', nodding and straightening out an imaginary microphone.

"Presenting... The incredible rapping talents of Jackie Z!" She shouted, pumping her fist into the air. Satsuki snorted, covering her mouth.

"Do you think this is a *game*, Satsuki?" she huffed, puffing out her cheeks.

"No. It's that you're a short Asian girl with bright pink hair and you're trying to convince me into believing that you can 'rap'. That and your stage name *sucks*" Satsuki taunted, pointing her thumb down and booing loudly. Her target gave her the finger in return.

"You can suck my *dick*, Kiryuin"

"You don't have one" Satsuki sighed, returning to the guitar. Nonon stomped her foot down on the soft cushion of the bed, protesting angrily.

"Hey, no no no. Drop me a fuckin' beat. Don't need you doing your stupid guitar shit right now, bitch" Nonon huffed. Satsuki let her guitar slump down to her knees with a loud, exasperated sigh, and raised her hands to her mouth, cuffing them and making her best efforts to beat box.

"Ey, yo, homegirls think all I play is Beethoven

But mutha fuckas know I come in like Nicki Roman

Pink hair, my sweet ass on an ottoman

Look down on them from the club like dick be roamin'

Show up fo' dat bubble like we be ownin'

E'erybody likin' that shit, just like Saturday Night Conan"

Nonon finished, throwing her hands into what Satsuki assumed was supposed to be some sort of gang sign. Satsuki blinked once, then twice, and then deadpanned,

"That was fucking awful"

"Was not! It was your beat that threw me off!" Nonon retorted with her shrill voice, lobbing a pillow across the room at her friend. Satsuki dodged it by only a hair.

"Guess you should stick to marching band" she said flatly, shrugging and returning to her progress on the guitar. Nonon growled childishly and plopped back down, doing the same.

"Are you ready?" Satsuki asked.

"Bitch, no"

"Well, *maybe* you would be if you didn't show me your god-awful rap"

"Shut the fuck up, oh my God" Nonon respired hotly, having about zero patience left for Satsuki's sass.

"Ok, ok. I'm going" Nonon declared, strumming softly. Satsuki knew the song that they were playing and responded with the occasional three notes that were required of her. The air seemed to become still and peaceful, nothing existing besides the music that they created. Every time they got together like this, it made them feel completely invincible. Two rogue guitarists

*" I was born again in a foreign place, with my pupils wide and my friends on stage. It was a warmth I had not had the pleasure to face ."*

Satsuki's smooth voice rang throughout the room, causing her to smile as she got really into it, her sound mimicking almost perfectly the original singer's voice.

*" And when the music fades, the kids could care less. It's a mockery of the time we spent. So I crept into a hole where I could rest ."*

Nonon grinned, closing her eyes, letting the world around her fade and her mind empty until all she responded to was the music, her nimble fingers acting accordingly.

*" You can paint me a junkie - it's quite alright.*

*I've got all the druugs in the woorld, I've got all the druugs in the wooooorld...* " Satsuki and Nonon sang the last verse in complete sync, both swinging their heads back slightly for dramatic effect as they swayed side to side. After the note they carried ended, Nonon interjected.

"Hey. Hold up. We're singing this song sober. That's dumb" she whined.

"I actually might have accidentally smoked a little bit before I got here" Satsuki admitted, leaning back in the chair she sat in.

"What the fuck, man? Sharing is caring" Nonon insisted.

"No, I share because you're a broke-ass bitch who freeloads off of me all the time" Satsuki said heatedly, moving her guitar out of the way as she dug around in her front pocket for a lighter, emerging with a bright blue Bic. She then began to sift through her bra, bringing forth a small baggie. She tossed both of them to Nonon, catching her off-guard as her hands fumbled around with the items. She gained a proper grip on them not too long after.

"I don't want your nasty sweaty tit weed" Nonon hissed, throwing it back.

"What the fuck did you call it? *Tit weed* ?" Satsuki laughed loudly, covering her mouth. Nonon didn't laugh.

"If I have to smoke that, you get to roll it"

"What? No, I think you have mistaken me for a charity service. You are a grown-ass woman and I know you can roll your own fucking joints" Satsuki said harshly, throwing the drugs back at her friend with a force.

"Fine. *Fine* " Nonon huffed, pulling out a package of Zig Zag rolling papers as she began the process that she found tedious and pointless. She dumped the contents of the bag on the nightstand and started to break the buds up with her small fingertips.

"Why don't you just bring your pipe?" Nonon asked, nudging the now ground herb onto the surface of the paper.

"Because I can say the lighter is for cigarettes, and I can hide my pot in my bra. I don't need really obvious drug paraphernalia just hanging out of my pockets. And, even if did, I'd still make *you* pack the bowl, you goddamn bum" Satsuki snarled. Just then, a loud bang came from the door, causing both of the young women to jump.

"Jesus, who knocks like that?"

"The *police* " Satsuki replied coldly.

"No, seriously. Who is that?" Nonon grumbled, hopping off of the bed and walking quickly to the wooden door. Satsuki tumbled over to the nightstand, trying to create a joint and hide it as fast as she could. She was a really paranoid person.

"Hey, Eyebrows! Don't worry, it's just your little sister. She looks like *shit*, though" Nonon shouted across the house. Satsuki stopped for a minute. What did she mean by that? She stood up from her stooped position and rushed out of the room. She heard the door open, and met with Ryuko leaning against the door frame.

"Woah, what the fuck?" Satsuki panicked, rushing to her sister's side. Her lip was split open, blood trickling down to her chin. Her nose looked crooked and out of place, her left eye swollen shut, purple and blue bruising forming underneath her skin. Despite these



physical abnormalities, the beat-up girl seemed completely unphased. In fact, it appeared that she wasn't leaning on the door for support, but to simply lean.

"Ryuko, holy fucking shit, what happened?" Satsuki whispered, gently clasping her hands around Ryuko's face. Ryuko blinked, swatting her hands away.

"Nothing, Jesus... Mako was getting cornered by these assholes because they were teasing her about being poor. They kept demanding she empty her pockets, and it was really fucking *rude*, and so I took a swing. But you need to understand that I was definitely outnumbered..." she chuckled, touching her fingertips to the perfect stream of blood, smudging it badly.

"Why would you do that, you moron?!" Satsuki shouted, causing Ryuko to step back and extend her hands.

"Listen, I've been really good since I moved in here. I'm kind of a wily piece of shit, and this kinda thing happens a lot. I didn't wanna spoil whatever expectations you had of me, so I tried *really* hard to behave. Guess I fucked up, I'm suspended for a week" Ryuko said calmly, Satsuki's face turning red with rage. She opened her mouth, but a tiny arm reached up and covered her mouth quickly. Nonon pulled Satsuki back, smiling at her in a fake, 'listen-don't-be-that-guy' way, her eyes darting back and forth between the two siblings. Satsuki took the hint, resigning her anger, storing it away for later. Ryuko pursed her lips and slowly shuffled past her sister, who just stood motionless in the doorway.

"How does she know where you live?" Satsuki finally mumbled.

"I told her when she moved here, in case you ran off like a dumbass and she didn't know where you were" Nonon replied.

"I have a phone"

"Yeah, well, even when we text you, sometimes you don't respond. And by 'sometimes', I mean like about 85% of the time" Nonon sighed.

"What? No!" Satsuki argued.

"Check your phone" Nonon rolled her eyes, following Ryuko further into the home. Satsuki retrieved her phone from her pockets.

"27 NEW TEXTS"

" *Oh* " Satsuki thought, not wanting to say anything to prove her feisty friend right. Ryuko ducked into the only bedroom of the house. The Jakuzure residence was incredibly tight and compact, and Satsuki usually didn't even refer to it as a 'house', but more of a 'hut', or a 'shack'. It was nice inside, it was just... Small. Way too small.

Satsuki strode down the only hallway, meeting the two girls in the only bedroom. Nonon was resuming her task of rolling a joint, finishing it with a lick to one side, sealing everything together. Ryuko looked up at her sister, smile wide and mischievous as ever.

"What?" Satsuki asked, tone cold and apprehensive, regretting even asking, actually.

"Nee-san... Can I have some drugs?" Ryuko chirped, big, blue eyes seeming to sparkle.

"No. You already fucking took some of my drugs. I don't need another damn freeloader in my life" Satsuki replied, eyebrows furrowed together angrily.

"Boo, you whore. We all know you grow in your secret attic. Oh, wait, did I say that? Was I not supposed to say that?" Nonon said, voice reeking of betrayal. Satsuki threw her hands up and groaned.

"Ok, Ryuko. You can have some, but I need you to let me clean you up, then. Jakuzure's right, *you look like shit* " came Satsuki's

proposal. Ryuko shrugged and replied, "Okay", standing up and walking to the bathroom.

" *That wasn't too hard* " Satsuki thought. Then again, she'd let someone fix her busted face if it meant free cannabis in the end.

Ryuko sat on the edge of the sink's counter, slouched over like a slob. Satsuki searched through cabinets as her sister kicked her feet absentmindedly. It was pretty astonishing that the girl didn't have any quarrels with the immense pain that Satsuki assumed she was in. Then again, she said she was a trouble-maker. Maybe she *was* just used to it. Still, it wasn't an acceptable thing to do, walking around with blood trickling down one's face. Satsuki stood next to her sister, opening a bottle of peroxide. She extended her hand before pausing, looking awkwardly at the girl in front of her.

"Do I have your permission to touch you?" Satsuki asked nervously. Ryuko laughed, assuming that it was because of her reaction the time before, in the door way. But Satsuki needed to be sure. You always need to ask. She chastised herself for forgetting.

"Yeah. Of course" Ryuko nodded, after a moment of silence, her sister staring into her intensely, letting her know that she was being serious. Satsuki touched her patient's split lip slowly, pulling it forward to see if any damage had been done in Ryuko's mouth. The area between her lips and her gums was swollen and blue, and definitely looked uncomfortable. Unfortunately, there wasn't much she could do for that, but she could clean the split lip. Satsuki closed her sister's mouth and began to pour the peroxide down it, holding a tissue beneath her chin. Ryuko inhaled through her nose sharply, blood bubbling and stinging. Satsuki mouthed quietly, 'I know, I know', and dabbed the wound with the tissue. She put a square piece of gauze in Ryuko's hand, and instructed her to hold it there to stop the bleeding.

"Ok, I *really* think your nose is broken" Satsuki said flatly, not wanting to touch it quite yet, thinking about what to do.

"I could take you to the doctor?" Satsuki offered.

"Nah. Doctors are annoying. We can do anything they can. Can't you just pop it back?" Ryuko asked, nonchalantly. Satsuki fumbled over her words.

"Ow! Really? Jesus, Ryuko..." Satsuki huffed, grabbing her sister's chin. She wrapped her hand around the younger's nose with a strong grip and closed her eyes tightly, using all of her force to create a loud, and hopefully successful, snap. Ryuko made soft screeching sounds in the back of her throat, eyes watering. Satsuki opened her eyes, seeing that her sister's nose was back in place. Ryuko hummed in a distressed manner, eyes looking up, tears threatening to spill over. Her nose was now bleeding, sending Satsuki into a panic.

"No no, don't worry, it does that" Ryuko said, trying to calm down.

"I have to do this a lot" she mustered out. Satsuki heaved a great sigh and examined her sister's face further.

"There's not a whole lot more I can do, you fucking idiot. Put some ice on... Everything" grumbled Satsuki. Ryuko grabbed Satsuki's arm as she was turning to leave, and pulled her back.

"You're a good sister"

"And you're an idiot who I'm stuck with 24/7 for the next week" Satsuki retorted. Ryuko smiled.

"Sorry about that"

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### **Author's notes**

Well I lied this took a long time. My life just got really intense again, so I was *really* in a slump. I promise I'm still going to work on it.

Also, the rap by Nonon was written and used with permission by my friend Matt (Pier-Renault). We were both very keen on a ridiculous Nonon rapping scene.

## Chapter 7

**TRIGGER WARNING: THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS A DESCRIPTION OF RAPE. A DOUBLE ASTERISK \*\* WILL INDICATE IT'S LINE/SENTENCE. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.**

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"Ryuko-chan, how did it go with Satsuki?" Mako chirped brightly over the receiver.

"Well, she fixed my broken nose" Ryuko replied, rubbing the mentioned area. It was cold from the pack of ice she had been holding over it for the past couple of days, and it still stung to even touch it.

"Did you go to the doctor?" Mako inquired.

"Nope. Well, unless Satsuki has a PhD. And she doesn't" hummed the battered girl. She was squishing the bag of ice lying on her bed, condensation grouping together on its surface and spilling over the clear plastic of the Ziploc.

"My dad can help you! He's great at his job!" Mako suggested brightly. Ryuko frowned on the other end of the line.

"He is an illegitimate doctor who, according to you, has *let people die* so that they don't sue"

Mako piped up defensively, "I was joking about that!"

"I really doubt you were" Ryuko sighed, licking the cut on her lip idly.

"I was!" Mako stated again, voice crackling through the static of the phone.

"Anyway", Mako began, "do you feel any better?"

"Yeah. Considerably. Satsuki took really good care of me" Ryuko said quietly, smiling to herself.

"That's because Satsuki really cares about you! You're her long-lost sister!" declared Mako.

"I wouldn't say 'long-lost', considering she knew of my existence for all of the years I've been around" responded the dark-haired girl.

"She still loves you" Mako said softly, which caught Ryuko off guard, as Mako's silly demeanor was gone; and that only meant she knew what she was talking about. And really, Ryuko couldn't argue. She was right.

Ever since their meeting at the Jakuzure 'hut', Ryuko had begun to realize the extent of Satsuki's care for her. No, it was before that - it was after the night she watched her sister wretch into the toilet over that stupid Nui girl. It was the next morning, in the fluttering moments between the consciousness of sleep and reality that nothing existed *but* her sister. She could clearly hear the thump of her heart, which was louder and faster than she expected it to be. She sounded nervous, even in her breaths, which were short and shallow. Her hands weren't hesitant, though, as she threaded them between the strands of deep blackish blue locks, massaging her scalp softly. It was strange, because she didn't remember waking up before to crawl on top of her sibling, who was exquisitely warm with her legs tangled around her own. She remembered that she smelled like the earth after a good heavy rain, and her hair still lingered with the scent of shampoo. Her skin was soft, *crazy* soft, like a newborn baby. The whole experience, even though it seemed to not be entirely comfortable to her sister, was a complete breakthrough for Ryuko. Unlike Satsuki, Ryuko didn't reject the feeling of happiness that overwhelmed her in those moments. She might have outwardly hid it with Satsuki (considering it definitely was a shocker, coming from the icy girl) with playful teasing, but if anyone asked, she would have told them it warmed her entire chest up, from her core outwards, spilling into space itself.

She realized that she had nodded off into these thoughts when Mako shouted to her through the phone, causing Ryuko to jump and drop the phone. She scrambled it back into her hands and held it up to her ear.

"Yes, Mako?"

"Did you hear what I said?" Mako sighed.

"No..." Ryuko admitted, guilty as charged.

"I said I have to help Mataro with his homework. He's being a stupid *butt* " Mako growled, Ryuko smiling as she heard the young brother of her friend yelling in the background. Mako yelped and began to shout profanities at the boy, and grumbled as she returned to the phone.

"Can you believe him?! He threw a shoe at me!" Mako whined. Ryuko chuckled, making her friend even more upset.

"You're no help, Ryuko-chan!" was the last thing Ryuko heard as Mako hung up on her. Ryuko pulled the phone away from her ear, looking at it as she stuck her tongue out playfully. She rolled over on her side, her whole body being swallowed up by the silence in the room. Ever since she returned home, she had done virtually nothing, and she was beginning to get a little stir-crazy. She didn't want to bother her roommate, but she felt like she was going to burst, so she threw the covers off and hopped out of the room.

Satsuki sat on the floor of the living room, legs crossed Indian-style, taking in the smoke from a large, beautiful glass bong. It swirled in a galaxy-like pattern, white and hues of blue merging and dispersing into intricate designs. Satsuki wore a gigantic blue and white striped hoodie, one that Ryuko assumed to be a 2XL or something entirely too big for her, and as well as loose black basketball shorts, the kind made of that meshy material. Ryuko couldn't help thinking that, in all of it's silliness, that the outfit looked really cute on her sister.



"Hey" was all the long haired girl she said, smoke billowing out of her mouth like a dragon. Her eyes were glazed and bloodshot, obviously higher than a kite.

"You're always high" teased Ryuko.

"Do you know the definition of *addiction* ?" Satsuki began, flicking the little white lighter and sparking the bowl once more.

"Marijuana isn't addictive, well, physically" Ryuko replied.

"But Ryuko, what you need to understand" Satsuki said, inhaling the words as she spoke, as to keep the hit in as long as she could; this only causing her to sound like she came right out an exorcism movie. She breathed out and laid her back against the cushions of their couch, "Is that I am a deeply unhappy person".

"That is a line from a John Green book, you fucking nerd" Ryuko laughed, taking a seat next to the stoned girl.

"Says the one who knows the reference" Satsuki retorted.

"Strain?" Ryuko asked, pointing to the bong, ignoring Satsuki's previous comment.

"AK-47, only the best of strains get to have their THC laced into my piss" Satsuki grinned, nudging the bong towards her sister. Ryuko accepted, almost taking the lighter from her, but stopped and frowned.

"That's a white lighter"

"Yes, incredibly accurate observation" Satsuki scowled, shaking it at Ryuko.

"They're bad luck, gimme a different one"

" *That* stupid superstition? You didn't strike me as that kind of person. Oh, well, maybe you're right. It would explain my 'bad-luck-

only' policy that the universe has dealt me" Satsuki waved, digging around in her baggy shorts and tossing a black one at her instead.

"Yeah, well, you can never be too careful" replied Ryuko, taking a rip from the bong. She coughed it out unexpectedly, Satsuki giggling like a small school girl.

"Are- ugh, ack... Are you usually this giddy when you're turned as fuck?" asked the younger.

"Probably" Satsuki snickered. Ryuko offered a pass, but Satsuki declined.

"You can finish that"

" *What ?* No! Look at how much weed is left!" Ryuko stammered, pointing to the metal bowl of the piece. Satsuki must have loaded it right before she left her room, because it was still almost completely full and green.

"Nah, man. You got this. Hit that shit" Satsuki slurred, tilting her head back to stare pointlessly at the ceiling. Her face was peaceful. Ryuko groaned and sparked again, this time not choking as she breathed out.

"Satsuki... I've been meaning to ask you, what was high school like for you?" Ryuko said, testing the waters.

"Haha! Shitty" Satsuki said flatly, wanting to leave it at that.

"I mean, what friends did you have? Did you do well academically? Were you in any clubs? You never talk about school" she probed.

"So many questions!" Satsuki began, a big goofy grin appearing on her face. "I was student council president, all four years. I had the same friends I do now - Inumuta, Jakuzure, Gamagoori, and Sanageyama. And of course I did good, jackass. I was valedictorian" Satsuki shrugged. Ryuko's jaw dropped.

" *How?!* " she screeched.

"Wow, rude, bitch. Don't have any faith in me" Satsuki rolled her eyes, flipping her off.

"I mean, you smoke pot all day long. Is that what you did in high school?" Ryuko asked skeptically.

"Yuh. And Xanax. A lot of Xanax" Satsuki reluctantly let out. She regretted it the moment it slipped, but the high made that regret dissipate into nothingness.

"Woah, why?"

"I needed to finish, and I needed to finish with flying colors. There were days I went in there and I'd been awake for like, 48 hours already. Three school days with one sleeping session, that's how hyped up on that shit I was" Satsuki finished, playing with her hair, hands moving extraordinarily slowly.

"Sometimes I hallucinated. Well, I hallucinated a *lot*, actually" she began, "I also drank a lot. I was a shitty stoner and a bad drunk who struggled to exist through that part of my life. I needed to prove it, Ryuko"

"Prove what?" Ryuko asked, face strained with worry and saddened by this news.

"That I was better than her. Better than Ragyo - that no matter what she did to me, I was always *better* than she could ever be" was the reply. They sat in silence for a while.

"I know you're gonna ask" Satsuki said after a moment of dead silence.

"Ask what?" Ryuko played dumb.

"About all of this crazy family shit"

"Yeah. But I know you're not ready for that" Ryuko resigned.

"Good call" Satsuki sighed. She quickly tried to make herself focus on something else, and unfortunately for her, Ryuko had made a grave wardrobe mistake. She wore a thin, black sports bra and denim cut-offs that rode dangerously high on her. The bra was so thin that Satsuki figured she could determine the temperature of the room based off of Ryuko's nipples. It made her feel weird as hell, staring at her sister's tits, to put it bluntly. But recently, Satsuki had been doing a lot of shit that was weird as hell. She was beginning to think that it was the effect that Ryuko had on her. She would only admit this when she was high, though, because otherwise, her mental firewall would have shot up by now and made her come to a complete halt.

"... What are you looking at?" Ryuko asked, now moving extremely sluggishly as well, swaying a bit to the side unknowingly.

" *She's your sister, holy shit, stop looking. They're really... Nice though...* " Satsuki thought, unwillingly. She just stared at Ryuko blankly, struggling to find something to say.

"Nothing" she replied quickly, before it got too strange. She forced herself to look at the ground, completely disgusted by her lack of control.

"Just really fucking stoned" she continued, lying through her teeth. While she would have appreciated her younger putting a shirt on, she couldn't muster the courage to mention it. That, or she was refraining for her own personal gain, which made her stomach churn painfully.

She jolted quickly when she felt Ryuko's head touch her lap, the girl snuggling up closely.

"Me, too" replied Ryuko, the two sets of similar beautiful blue eyes colliding.

"Something else is bothering you. You're weirder than usual" said Ryuko, but only barely, as she started to laugh at her own little jab at Satsuki. It was a dorky, loud laugh that she closed her eyes and hid her face for. It made Satsuki grin a little, even though she tried to suppress it.

"What is *that* supposed to mean?" Satsuki giggled, biting her bottom lip to try to stop it.

"I don't know," Ryuko began, "you just seem different" she finished, reaching up and brushing hair out of her sister's face. Then, it seemed like everything just *was* . The light of the new morning sun lit up the red strands in Ryuko's hair, setting them ablaze with a bright glow. Even with the leftover bruising and discoloration from the conflict a couple of days before, her skin was bright and lively. Satsuki's breath hitched as Ryuko's eyes seemed to burrow into every corner of her mind, making the darkness retreat with beams of heavenly blue light. It wasn't just the appearance of her sister that was astonishing and amazing her, but the sudden realization that, from the *minute* that girl walked through the door, she was trying her very hardest to get to know and accommodate her life to her sister's needs. Her effort was unwavering, and, despite Satsuki declining and receding into herself, Ryuko never stopped. She cared, and that was something that Satsuki wasn't reciprocating to. She wondered to herself in horror if Ryuko's feelings had been hurt. She wouldn't stand for that, god no. She wanted to make Ryuko happy. She wanted Ryuko to know that *she* cared about *her*, and that her work wasn't unnoticed. She cared almost an unhealthy deal about that rambunctious, feisty, sweet sister of hers. It needed to be known, a bond of trust needed to be made.

"Uhm... I'll tell you"

"Tell me what?"

"About our mom" Satsuki's voice cracked, making her sound a lot younger than she was. She was in no way, shape, or form, ready to talk, but she knew it was time.

"C-... Can we go to my room? I'd rather be... A-around my pillows and s-stuff..." she stuttered, much to her disdain. It came out when she was anxious, and that's definitely what she was at the moment.

" *Get your shit together, Kiryuin* " she thought angrily to herself. As Ryuko stood up, from above she extended a hand downwards.

"I'm assuming this is going to be really sad, and that you're already upset about it. C'mon, I'm not gonna judge you" said Ryuko softly. Satsuki nodded and took her hand, pulling herself up. Instead of letting go of it, though, she grasped it tightly. Ryuko looked at her with worry and followed her into her room, where Satsuki sat on the bed.

" *Here again for more confessions* " Satsuki thought.

Ryuko sat across from her, and was shocked when Satsuki tugged on her hair lightly, motioning her to lay with her. Ryuko complied, pressing her back into Satsuki's chest. Ryuko didn't know, but it soothed Satsuki to an unusually high level of comfort for physical touch, out of all things. Satsuki sat her chin on the top of her sister's head and situated her arms comfortably over the younger's stomach. She took a deep breath and began.

\*\* "Dad kept you from mom because she was a crazy bitch. He fought for my freedom too, but mom's wealth lets her cheat a bit. I don't know exactly what she did to him for him to figure it out, but he was most certainly right. I was about five when she started hitting me every time she was angry - from when her clothing line's stocks dropped to her stubbing her fucking toe. I was about ten when she started changing. It went from horrible violence to her now wanting me to sleep in her bed. I listened to her now, because I had figured out at this point that if I didn't argue, she wouldn't hit me. So I would, and I'd wake up to her tracing her fingers on my thigh. I was fucking ten, and it only got worse from there on out. I remember when I was thirteen, we had this bath house. She insisted that I join her, and that was the first time it happened. She pinned me against a wall, grabbing fistfuls of my hair to keep me from running, and she raped

me. And then it became a routine, and it always got more and more personal. She'd make me say shit, like, 'of course I love you, mother'. I have PTSD because of it now. That's where I go every Wednesday. I go to therapy because my mother was a sexually abusive piece of shit. But every single day, I thank the cosmos that you were spared that. You don't deserve that" she finished, time seeming to just creep to a total standstill. \*\*

"No" the voice of Ryuko growled, she sounded livid.

"You didn't deserve that, either. You *didn't fucking deserve that*, and don't ever try justifying it otherwise" Ryuko's voice blared.

Satsuki was taken aback. This Ryuko was a completely different person. Her skin was hot, and her aura around her just screamed with rage." *No, she's the same. This is how someone reacts when they find out someone they care about has been hurt* " she thought, correcting herself.

"It's not going to happen again" Ryuko turned around, gripping Satsuki's face and looking straight into her whole being.

"I won't let it happen" she choked, Satsuki now realizing that her sister was actually crying. Her sister was crying for her.

"I love you too much" Ryuko went on, voice bubbling with sadness, tears streaming down her face.

Satsuki's heart skipped a beat at the choice of words.

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## Author's notes

When will Satsuki realize she is a huge lesbian? The world may never know.

Writing about sexual abuse is really hard, by the way.

## Chapter 8

"Ryuko, where are we going?" asked Satsuki, struggling to avoid being hit in the face with the dense forest that her younger sister was leading her through, hands gripped tightly together. It was approaching dusk, and the light was dim throughout where they journeyed - wherever that was. Satsuki didn't remember how they got there, which struck her as odd.

"You'll see" Ryuko replied, turning to flash a brief smile of reassurance, but Satsuki could have sworn that she saw mischief there.

They emerged into a clearing in the woods where the branches didn't quite meet up, leaving a circular area where the setting sun shone down onto a large, flat topped bolder. Strewed across it was a mess of pillows and blankets, making a pleasant looking makeshift bed. Ryuko let go of Satsuki's hand as she ran ahead to hoist herself to the top. Satsuki followed without hesitation, jaw dropping when she joined her companion at the top.

The smaller girl's button-up blouse, upon further inspection, was exceedingly translucent, revealing a gorgeous black lace bra underneath - which was becoming more visible as her hands trailed up to the buttons and undid them. Satsuki stammered, a rush of blood running to her face, but she couldn't think of any reason to protest when Ryuko beckoned with hungry bedroom eyes, biting her lower lip seductively.

"Why are we here?" whispered Satsuki in a deep, sultry voice, finding herself leaning towards the girl opposite her.

"You know why" was the response, and that was all it took for Satsuki to close the distance between them with a rough, heated kiss, heart thumping in her ears. Ryuko grinned ear to ear, wrapping her arms around the long haired girl's neck, pulling her down to her.



Satsuki panted as she broke the kiss, digging her teeth into the delicate flesh of her sister's neck.

"Ah... Don't be gentle" Ryuko groaned, digging her nails into Satsuki's shoulders. The older girl pulled the skin away from her victim, bursting blood vessels and leaving a dark purple circle in the shape of her mouth. Satsuki gripped the hem of her t-shirt and lifted it quickly over her head, tossing it off of the rock, pressing her bare breasts against the body of the younger girl.

"Fuck, you're so hot..." breathed Ryuko, finding herself being pinned down into a deeper kiss, a gasp escaping as her partner grinded onto her. Ryuko pulled away from the kiss, touching her forehead to the other girl's.

"Do you love me?" she whispered to Satsuki, almost inaudible as she locked eyes with her.

"I love you... God, I love you so much" Satsuki choked, body on fire. She was acting on instinct, and while her rational mind would have screamed, this was not the case. This was basic chemistry, electricity sparking and catching fire as they burned, leaving nothing left but ashes.

Ryuko licked and nibbled on Satsuki's sharp jawline, breathing into her ear,

"Then why won't you admit it?"

Satsuki's breath caught, a lump forming in her throat.

"Say it - for real, Satsuki"

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Satsuki bolted up from her bed, eyes darting in every which way. This time, instead of being covered in sweat from fear, it was arousal. She couldn't help it, but she felt damned underneath all of the lust. She tossed the covers from her body and tugged down the

night shorts she wore - she had work to do. Her fingers crept and danced around her hips, tracing a finger up her thigh. She breathed out in a moan when her other hand, somehow, *magically*, ended up in her shirt, brushing her nipples gently. She raised the shirt over her head and tossed it off the bed, scenes from her dream flashing into her mind. Just as she was about to get to where she wanted, her middle and ring fingers dipping lower and lower, the bedroom door clicked and swung open. Satsuki's heart dropped, and never, during any moment of her life, had she moved faster to cover herself. In the doorway, of course, was her younger sister, the cause of her flustered mind and body - much to her own disapproval.

"Uh... Did I interrupt something?" Ryuko asked hesitantly, staring at the comforter that only nearly censored her sister's bare, pale body. Her stomach felt hot and coiled up tightly as she backed up behind the doorframe, covering her face with the door.

"N-no! Nothing at all!" Satsuki lied, adjusting the covers so that she appeared more decent. Ryuko didn't believe her for a minute, and started to close the door, pretending she didn't see anything.

"Ryuko, no, come back! I'm sorry!" Satsuki whined childishly, never being faced with this situation before now.

"No, no, it's ok! I get it. You need some time for yourself. Everyone does..." Ryuko trailed off, door shutting quietly. She pressed her face against the cool wood of the shut door, cooling the red that now tinted her cheeks - her sister didn't know this, however, and instead, her hands covered her face, breathing in deeply and trying to maintain a proper breathing pattern.

"I uh... Wanted to get you to ask if you wanted to go do something... But I can see that it's not a good time, so I can wait" she mumbled through the barrier between her and her sister.

"J-just give me time to make a call!"

"If that's what you say you're doing, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt" Ryuko replied, stiffly and awkwardly walking away, keeping her eyes looking straight ahead.

Satsuki fumbled to grab the rather new phone on her night stand, almost dropping it several times with her shaky hands as she began to dial a number.

"God dammit... Satsuki, I told you *specifically* not to wake me up before noo-"

"Shut up, shut up! Nonon, I'm *fucked* " Satsuki said frantically, voice starting loud but dropping down to a hurried and panicked whisper.

"You got *fucked*? Wow, congrats, Sats" Nonon mumbled, about to hang up.

"No! No, you idiot. Well, yes, but not in real life. Well, not even that, it was *almost*. I *almost* got fucked. And that's not what I said, I said I'm *fucked* " Satsuki growled. On the other end, Nonon hoisted herself up to lean on the headboard of the bed.

"What happened?" Nonon asked, groggily, sleep tempting her back into its lovely grip.

"I think... I think I have a crush? And it's with someone who I *really shouldn't* have a crush on, and I had this really hot dream where she was telling me I needed to admit it in real life, an-"

" *She*? Oh ho, finally, to the dark side have you have wandered" grinned the small girl.

" *I'm not gay, Nonon!* " Satsuki hissed, causing her younger friend to cackle on the other end.

"Really, now? Was that what you thought when we made out all of those times? I came to the grand-fucking-realization for myself when

that happened. I guess some of us like living in denial" continued Nonon.

"We don't talk about that!"

"What porn do you look at? I mean, I *assume* that you are normal, to some extent, and you get off and look at porn. What porn do you look at?"

"..."

"Is it lesbian porn?" Nonon sighed. Satsuki muttered the affirmation, making Nonon roll her eyes.

"You honestly are one of the most homosexual people I could even dream of knowing. You act like it's some amazing game-changer. You're not acting like yourself at all, either. You're acting like a huge whimpering baby" huffed the pink haired girl.

"Because it's not even the gay thing that's bad, Nonon! It's bad. It's so bad"

"The crush"

"Yes"

"Well, I don't even know why you're going to attempt to tell me, because I already know who it is" she declared. Satsuki's heart skipped a beat, stammering for a minute.

"Ok, who is it, then?" Satsuki tested, trying to hide her panic.

"Well, there is the possibility that I'm wrong, so I think maybe you should say it"

"No! You fucking idiot! Tell me!" Satsuki screamed, slamming her fist on the wall.

"If I'm wrong you'd never talk to me again, so I'm gonna let you go, because I don't really have time to deal with your silly incestuous - "

Nonon cut herself off, covering her face with her free hand. She breathed in, preparing herself for the onslaught of torment and eternal suffering that the Kiryuin girl would present to her.

"She told me to say it for real" Satsuki whispered, eyes looking down.

"Wait, so it *is* your sister?" Nonon asked, surprised that she, for once, was right.

"I can't love her, Nonon"

" *Love?* Woah, tiger, you said *crush* - "

"I... I don't know how to talk about this anymore, I gotta go" Satsuki said, interrupting her friend as she ended the call.

" *I'm so fucked* " Satsuki thought. But she knew her emotions weren't going to subside naturally. She now could identify the cause of that gnawing in the back of her mind and fire in her stomach. She knew that it wasn't just some recent development - and that made her feel even more disgusted with herself. She snuggled her sister, hell, she *fondled* her. She had, essentially, a wet dream, and she was about to jerk off to it. It made her sick, made her dizzy. She wasn't ready for this.

" *I'm not ready to turn into my mom*" she thought, tears forming in her eyes. She knew that, scientifically, when siblings don't grow up near one another, they can form a romantic attraction towards each other. It was a strange phenomenon that she wanted no part in, but she knew it was too late for that.

" *You've gotta hide it. You've done a shitty job at it so far, but you can't keep doing it. You just can't. She can't know, you can't ruin her* "

Satsuki thought, redressing herself and walking towards her closet. She opened it, the only contents being her excessive amount of

hoodies and a shelf of alcohol; the one vice she wished she had never picked up. She unscrewed the cork to the bottle of Silver Patron, tequila, and drank it right out of the bottle in her closet. It burned her throat as the words of her fantasy Ryuko rang through her ears:

*" Say it - for real, Satsuki"*

A knock softly tapped on the door, causing Satsuki's heart to drop. Ryuko.

"Come in" she said, voice cracking. Ryuko shuffled through the door slowly, peering around to make sure Satsuki wasn't doing something that she shouldn't be interrupting.

"Woah, masturbation *and* alcohol? So much I don't know about my older sister!" Ryuko teased, staring at the bottle of expensive liquor.

"Shut up" Satsuki growled, all of the progress Ryuko had made getting into her heart seemed to vanish before her eyes with the malicious tone in Satsuki's voice.

"Hey... Are you ok?" Ryuko asked, her voice losing all of its playfulness and leaving pure concern.

"No, Ryuko. I'm not ok. I keep messing up real bad, and I think I hate myself more every single day" Satsuki responded, fighting the tears that pooled in her eyes.

"What did you do?" Ryuko asked, seeing nothing wrong with the way her sibling was.

"I may be in love with someone" Satsuki declared, refusing to make eye contact.

"What's wrong with that?"

"It's someone I shouldn't be in love with" she replied, softly.

"There's nothing wrong with that" Ryuko said, extending her hand to place on her pale counterpart's. Satsuki's heart accelerated, and subconsciously she intertwined her fingers within Ryuko's.

" *It is when it's you* " she thought, but her response went unheard as she just held her sister's hand for a moment, cursing at herself the entire time.

"You know what might cheer you up?" Ryuko asked, poking Satsuki's side gently. It made Satsuki crack a small smile, despite the painful conflict between her heart and her mind. She decided for now she wouldn't listen to her mind.

"What?" she replied, looking up and meeting her sister's before her head was fully up, the younger girl being significantly shorter.

"Well, you won't believe this, but you know Gamagoori? Ira? He is totally dating Mako, and she doesn't want to go on their first date alone because she's nervous. So both of them invited you and me - it's tonight - and well, I figured that you deserved something fun and enjoyable. Besides your hand" Ryuko said, snorting and laughing at the last part. Satsuki smacked her bicep with the bottle of Patron angrily, but didn't let go of her hand.

"I'm fuckin' with you. But yeah, we should go! There'd be cotton candy and rides, and after what you told me last night, I wanna do something nice for you. You deserve it" Ryuko finished, leaving that warm, sweet smile of hers plastered on her face,

" *You're just one big scoop of melting strawberry ice cream, aren't you?* " Satsuki thought warmly, the proposition Ryuko made completely erasing all of the rules she made mentally after the phone call only moments prior. She wanted to go on this stupid, childish date with her sister. She wanted to, and she would. She would let herself enjoy this.

"I especially want to ride the Ferris wheel with you" Ryuko grinned, face red as she turned. She was... Embarrassed?

"Faggot" Satsuki teased, Ryuko's sweet expression going back to a frown. She tugged the bottle from Satsuki's hand, taking a swig from the bottle.

"Hey, hey! You're like, 17!" Satsuki protested, letting go of her sister's hand as she tried to retrieve the bottle.

"Yeah? And you're only about a year older. Shut it" Ryuko said, raising the bottle once more.

"How about this - I'll give it back if you tell me who you have a crush on"

Satsuki laughed loudly - too loudly - and nervously. Ryuko had won this one.

"You can keep it, then. I'll join you tonight, though. Even though you're a piece of *shit* " Satsuki huffed.

"Wait, can you tell me the *gender* of the lucky person?" Ryuko asked, breath starting to smell a little too strongly of alcohol.

"... Female"

"Are you gay? Or are you bi?" Ryuko continued.

"I'm pretty sure I'm gay as hell" Satsuki admitted reluctantly.

"Me, too, I think" Ryuko sighed, looking away.

"What?"

"Yeah, I've been doing a lot of thinking. There's someone I really, *really* like. I just don't know if she would ever return the same feelings. That, and honestly I just can't see myself sleeping with a guy" chuckled Ryuko.

"Can you tell me who you have a crush on?" Satsuki pried, now extremely jealous and nervous.



"I don't see the point - she'll never love me like that" replied Ryuko as she turned to leave, taking the tequila with her.

"Be ready by 5:30, loser. Ira's gonna pick us up then" she continued, refusing to make eye contact now. The door clicked shut, leaving Satsuki unaware of the tears in her sister's eyes.

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## **AUTHOR'S NOTES**

The whole line about strawberry ice cream? If one of you can tell me where that's from *without* Google, I'll be very happy with you.

Sorry for the excruciatingly late chapter - life has been outstandingly frustrating and overwhelming. Also, if it wasn't obvious from the excessive drug use, I too am a stoner, and to the same dedication as Ms. Kiryuin herself. I am out of pot and unemployed from an injury. To be honest, I picked a bad time to start a fanfiction. Oh well, I've committed and I'm going to carry this out until the end. So I guess you guys are stuck with me. Sorry =)

## Chapter 9

Satsuki wasn't high enough for this.

Mako bellowed her lungs out, head out the window of the passenger's seat of Gamagoori's car. She wailed a tune from her childhood, sufficiently piercing into Satsuki's skull. She tried not to grit her teeth and instead be excited for her private time with her sister. That thought, however, made her nauseous with butterflies, a smile stretching across her face.

"Matoi! Please get her to stop!" Gamagoori pleaded, one of his enormous hands covering a portion of his forehead, the other resting on the steering wheel.

"You should know at this point that nothing can silence that girl" replied Satsuki's companion in the backseat behind Mako, digging her knee into the upholstery of the chair which, unfortunately, wasn't thin enough to cause any discomfort towards the screeching girl.

"Don't be like that, Ira! You love my singing!" Mako squeaked, stamping a foot down, shaking the car as they drove. Gamagoori let a grin slip out, running the hand that was once on his forehead through Mako's hair.

"Maybe I do, maybe I don't" replied he, patting her back gently for such a large man. Satsuki leaned her face against the window and inched closer, getting so close to Gamagoori that he could feel her breath on his neck.

"Gaaaaaaayyyyyy" whispered Satsuki, sliding back into her seat and retrieving a small pipe from her pocket, lighter in hand.

"No smoking in my car!" Gamagoori huffed, swiveling his head around to yell right in Satsuki's face.

"Take the roof down then, damn. Gotta take my medicine" she sighed, ignoring all of Ira's protests and flicking a small orange flame into existence. Gamagoori took a deep breath, knowing that when Satsuki had her mind set on something, that there was no changing it. He clicked the button, the top of the car pulling back and exposing the passengers inside. Satsuki exhaled into the wind that was slamming against her face, sending her long, thick black hair to swirl around and fly every which way. She passed the pipe to Ryuko, who didn't even notice her gesture until Satsuki tapped her thigh with it.

"You wanna hit?" Satsuki offered, eyes beginning to glaze over once more.

"Never a moment sober with you, eh?" Ryuko resigned, bringing the small glass piece to her lips.

"It's the only thing I do. And I mean, it *really* is the only thing I do" Satsuki replied, Ryuko coughing and gesturing it towards Mako, who obliged willfully. Gamagoori frowned when it was his turn, shaking his head.

"Fun sucker" Satsuki scoffed.

"I'm the driver" was the snarled response. Satsuki chuckled lightheartedly, and took another hit. They'd be there soon.

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"I've never been to one before" Ryuko said abruptly, shuffling forward in the line, clutching onto her sister's arm in excitement. It took a moment for Satsuki to realize what Ryuko had said (after all, she had a gorgeous girl attached to her arm), and she responded in a short, awkward burst.

"What? *Why* ?"

"Wasn't allowed out of the house" she shrugged, flipping some hair out of her face.

"Dad told me that it wasn't safe. But he was out all the time, even when I wasn't at school. It sucked. I never got to do anything" Ryuko continued, leaning on her sister's shoulder. Satsuki noticed her warmth radiate onto her shoulder, remembering the morning she woke up to that warmth. She slowly slipped her arm around Ryuko as they walked, holding her breath the whole way as they approached the ticket booth. She was waiting for a protest, a jolt, something to indicate Ryuko's discomfort, a sign that what she was doing was unwanted and completely out of bounds. That sign never came.

Gamagoori and Mako made way for their friends as they retreated with a small booklet of tickets. Satsuki read the sign slowly, estimating the cost of rides and games at the park. She gave up quickly, however, and reached into the pocket of her jeans for her wallet, handing the woman in the booth a crisp \$100 bill.

"Can I just have... Like... A roll? I don't know. She's never been to one of these before" Satsuki fumbled, ignoring the shocked stare of her sister. The woman looked skeptical, but handed over a roll of cheap, dollar store tickets. Satsuki muttered a thank you and left with her sister, who was now holding her hand as they walked under the wooden entrance sign.

"Did you just spend \$100 on some fucking carnival tickets?" Ryuko stammered, eyes practically bulging out of her head.

"Yeah. I wanted it to be a good experience for you" Satsuki said, trying to keep her face as expressionless and unreadable as possible to hide any of her pesky feelings that were trying to worm their way out. Ryuko smiled shyly and wrapped her arms tight around her sister, locking her in a tight, full-frontal hug.

"Thank you so much. That was really nice and you didn't have to do that" Ryuko whispered, nuzzling into her sister's neck. Satsuki tried to swallow the lump in her throat and just muttered something that vaguely sounded like a "you're welcome".

"Are you ready to go? I'm so ready" Ryuko said, clenching her fist and staring into the distance with shimmering eyes. Satsuki giggled and tugged the sleeve of her sister's shirt, leading her into the colorful carnival, lights of the rides in the distance shimmering in the retreat of the sun. The world was Ryuko's cornucopia of riches and bad overpriced stuffed animals, and she was going to reap it of all of its benefits. But, her first mission was to overcome the wave of hunger that hit her.

"Ah... Sats? Can we get some food? I know we just got here, but I'm starved man... I think it's the pot" Ryuko laughed nervously, but Satsuki snapped to attention to survey the area for an acceptable place for her sister to eat; she found none.

"Ryuko, all of these places have greasy, nasty food that I really don't recommend -"

"R-really?! That's crazy! Let's get some!" Ryuko drooled, darting off to the nearest hotdog stand. Satsuki smiled and jogged to catch up with her younger sister. She came to an instant halt when she thought she had seen someone dash in between the colorful striped tents, but quickly dismissed the thought. "*Just being paranoid again, you dolt*" she concluded.

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The night had passed on pleasantly, with a few included trips to the park's outer edges for a quick smoking break. Satsuki didn't know if it was her wild, vivid THC induced imagination, but she noticed two things that she couldn't be completely sure of during every one of those moments.

1: That movement over by the foodstand was starting to seem less and less of a mind trick, because she could have sworn she saw a figure dart into the darkness, behind a tree, into a tent, even plummet into a bush. But, it was such a sudden, lightning quick thing that Satsuki was just started to ignore - after she waited to make sure, of course.

2: Was Ryuko getting closer? Every time they stopped for a break, the distance between them was smaller and smaller. By the third trip or so, the two girls were incredibly out of their wits, bodies almost touching, barriers losing their meaning. Satsuki went from handing Ryuko the pipe to putting it in her lips and lighting it for her, the younger exhaling a thin stream into her sister's face.

That's where they were now, Satsuki leaning her forehead on Ryuko's. She held a giant stuffed pig that Ryuko had won for her at a basketball throwing game tightly in her arms. Ryuko's icy blue eyes paralyzed her to that spot, making her wonder how or why this was happening.

"Is this real?" Satsuki whispered, voice barely audible.

"Of course. Why wouldn't it be?" Ryuko responded, the voice coming out just as gentle and loving as her sister's.

"Because it's... Nah, nah man. Don't worry about it" Satsuki ended quickly.

"Well, I'm here if you need me" Ryuko smiled, backing up and making her way back towards the glow of the carnival. Satsuki's heart thudded painfully, wanting to pull her back, pull her into a comfortable kiss that made her lose her breath. That didn't happen, though, and she quietly tagged along.

"Are you ready for this?!" Ryuko shouted out of the blue, ruining Satsuki's train of thought that mostly consisted of Ryuko sitting on her face. Fuck it, she'd admit it. She was tired of denying it, at least. It was a lot of work.

"Ready for what?"

"The FERRIS WHEEL!" Ryuko exclaimed, pointing to the large metal wheel only a few hundred yards away.

"Really? It's not *that* exciting" Satsuki said flatly, granting her a sharp elbow in the side from her younger.

"It is to *me* " Ryuko huffed, crossing her arms furiously. Satsuki smiled and nodded, the start of the line now in sight. Mako caught their attention, standing at the end of the line waving furiously. Gamagoori was with her, or rather, was carrying her on his shoulders. He ate a cone of cotton candy with his thick hands, getting pink cotton candy webs on his chin. The girls approached their friends, standing near them, enjoying a bit of chatter before the ride.

"Look what I won for Satsuki!" Ryuko boasted proudly, holding up the plush pig to her large friend's face. Gamagoori gave her a thumbs up with a smile.

"WOAH! Ryuko-chan! You won that for Satsuki? Does that mean she's your date?" Mako pondered, tapping her chin thoughtfully. Gamagoori began to cough up cotton candy as he suppressed laughter, watching the red seep into the faces of the two siblings. Ryuko stuttered as the ticket man asked for tickets from the group, separating them into two carts, two people per cart. Satsuki adjusted herself into her seat, leaning back and staring into the nighttime sky. She felt a warm hand trace its fingers over her own, a shiver of happiness shooting up her spine. She glanced over, eyes meeting with a pair similar to their own. The car lifted up, machine beginning its ascent. Ryuko leaned on her partner once more, staring off into the horizon that held the beautiful night sky above them. It was quiet for a moment, until the cart came to a stop at the top to let the passengers view the scenery.

"You're wrong"

"Mmm?" Satsuki mumbled, realizing she was falling asleep in this peaceful position.

"It's the best thing I've ever done" Ryuko said in a hushed voice. Satsuki laughed.

"Ride a Ferris wheel with your sister high?" asked the older, smile still plastered across her face.

"Yeah" was the short response from the younger, placing her lips on the side of Satsuki's face.

"Thank you. You're so important to me" Ryuko said, face on fire at what she had just done. Satsuki froze, eyes wide and staring at her sister, dumbfounded.

"Sh-shi-... Shit... I'm so sorry, I-I know you don't like being t-"

"I love you" Satsuki blurted out.

The two stared at one another, both at a loss for words.

"Wh... What do you mean?"

"I think I might love you" Satsuki said, loudly, swallowing and sweating. The Ferris wheel resumed its journey, coming to its second stop at the bottom. Satsuki stumbled out of the car and onto the dirt path, hyperventilating. She pushed herself past Gamagoori and Mako, who had gotten out before them. She made a dash for the bathroom closest to them, Ryuko on her heels.

"Satsuki!" she called after her.

But the girl didn't hear it. She just replayed the look of shock on her sister's face in her head, the look of confusion. Was betrayal there? The past couple of weeks had been borderline intimate with her sibling, and while she had feelings in her stomach, small, affectionate butterflies, this week turned them into a raging nest of wasps, pouring out the seams. She didn't want to be her mother.

*"This was such a bad idea! Letting her live with you! J says you have a hard time handling emotions, and you know damn well who you're related to! You know her tendencies! What if you fuck up Ryuko?"* her head swam, darting into the cinderblock structure and



kneeling over the toilet and heaving. Nothing came out, just tears and sweat. Satsuki leaned against the bathroom stall wall, huffing and puffing, sobriety now clearing her mind and leaving her in that disgusting, smelly, concrete structure in mid panic attack. She didn't know how long she was in there, it felt like hours, but it must have been moments, because Mako came dashing into the building.

"Satsuki! Satsuki something bad happened! This weird cosplaying girl just came out of the trees and grabbed Ryuko with a cloth over her mouth! She ran off, and me and Ira tried to catch her but she's way faster than either of us" Mako screamed, now in panic as well. Satsuki stopped cold and looked up with a fierce glare in her eyes.

"Did she have one eye?" Satsuki said gravely, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Yes? I don't know!" Mako began to shake, body trembling and collapsing on the floor.

"She looked really scary, Satsuki! She had a knife, too" Mako sobbed. Satsuki pushed herself off of the floor and out into the carnival, crisp autumn air breezing through her hair. She jerked every single way before noticing the distinctly enormous footprints of Gamagoori who had gone in the same direction. She began in that direction, tearing through the crowds of people before seeing her large companion charge into the woods. She quickly caught up, speed being something the man lacked. She passed him, not losing her footing over gnarled branches, jumping and ducking through the brush, following a distant now visible flash of pink.

Satsuki felt the hem of her jeans and pulled her knife out. And it wasn't so much of a knife as it was a small sword, being a switchblade of 6 inches. It's blade was black and sharp, glistening beneath the light of the moon. She growled as she curved around quietly, deciding to meet Nui head on, and not from behind, as she was expecting an attack from the back. She stalked her, catching glimpses of Ryuko's red scarf as Nui had considerably slowed her pace, something she did probably assuming they had lost track of

her. Satsuki now walked confidently at the girl, meeting her face to face in a small clearing devoid of branches.

"Hey sissy! I see you found me trying to bring Ryuko-chan home! Well, I hate to say this, but you don't have any chance of getting her back" Nui said, grinning a sickly broad smile that made Satsuki's heart race increase.

"Home? To Ragyo? No, no you can't do that" Satsuki spat angrily.

"Why? Because you *looooooooove* her?" Nui teased. Satsuki scowled and began to stomp forward.

"Please, like you scare me. Do I need to have another relaxing session to calm my nerves?" Nui asked, a bright, fluorescent pink straight edge razor coming out of her pocket. It was bedazzled to the point that Satsuki wondered if it actually had any practical use, but then she remembered who she was dealing with.

" *Of course it serves it's purpose, you twat* " she scolded quietly.

"No. You're going to put Ryuko down and turn your ass right around or I'm gonna take that other eye of yours, you stinking bitch" Satsuki snarled.

"Alright, have it your way" Nui sighed, charging at the taller girl, swinging the blade furiously around. Satsuki hissed as the girl moved faster than she had remembered, blade dragging across her thigh. Then again, maybe she was just rusty due to not having to deal with Nui every other day. She was never fast enough, Nui leaving thick slits along her pale skin. They stung, they felt too familiar, and soon, the numbness set in, proving to Satsuki that Nui was always thorough in her poisoning.

Satsuki knew she couldn't black out here, and while she figured it could be a risk, she decided she should at least try to move the way she used to. She focused hard, and bore her gaze into Nui's remaining eye. She remembered taking the other out, when Nui had

tried to hurt her dad during a visit over custody of Ryuko. Now, someone she also cared deeply for was at risk. She knew she couldn't let Nui get away with Ryuko, even if the younger girl hated her for being in love with her. Satsuki moved like she did when she was in high school, and with a quick feint she elbowed Nui right in the approximate area of her kidneys. Nui gasped, not even her being immune to such a dirty blow. A quick sidesweep landed the frilly girl on her ass, Satsuki now delivering ruthless punches into Nui's face. Every punch yielded a new kind of noise, a different kind of crack or splattering sound as her raw fists began to split on the girl's battered face.

That was the last thing she remembered before Gamagoori and Mako arrived with Nonon and Sanegayama to get them out of there. She didn't remember how long she had been pounding away at Nui's face, but she was out long before the older girl finished.

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**Life, mental illnesses, money issues: all things that stress me out to the point where I can't write.**

**Sorry, I'll try to be more frequent. Have a good one, guys.**

## Chapter 10

Ok there is straight up heavy incest in this chapter. I recommend listening to "Absolute Territory" by Ken Ashcorp when the going gets rough, kiddos.

(Seriously though this is heavy X rated shit, please be warned)

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"Nonon, *stop* " Satsuki screamed, tugging a translucent orange bottle away from the small girl.

"No, *you* stop, you fucking *child* ! I told you to get rid of these fucking Xanax!" was the high pitched screech of response. Satsuki began to pull up her friend's fingers and loosen the grip on the bottle, but Nonon swiftly shoved the entirety of her body's weight into her knee as she pummeled forwards into Satsuki's stomach, making the girl stumble backwards. Satsuki gagged and held her stomach, curling into the fetal position on the bathroom floor of her apartment. Nonon yanked the white top off, dumping the long, white pills into the open toilet and smashing down the handle.

"You bitch" Satsuki hissed through her gritted teeth, the porcelain bowl pulling them down, down, and away from her. Nonon kicked her friend, making Satsuki groan out in pain.

"Where the *fuck* do you get off, huh?! Fucking keeping these god damn pills again?! And I saw the alcohol in the closet, Kiryuin! Do you think I'm fucking *stupid*?! " the pink haired beast bellowed, once again lashing out at her victim on the floor on the last word. Gamagoori's huge frame came smashing into the bathroom, grabbing Nonon by the shirt and into the air, who began to kick and scream violently.

" **Quit it** " he snarled, placing Nonon outside, slamming the door shut and locking it. Nonon began to pound and yell through the door, but

the superhuman man paid no attention. He picked up Satsuki's thin body from the floor, setting her onto the counter.

"Do you have anymore pills? Don't lie to me"

"No" Satsuki whispered, voice fading out.

"I promise. That was it" she continued, looking Gamagoori in the eyes. He nodded, turning and opening the door. Nonon fell in, scrambling towards Satsuki, but he lifted her onto his shoulder and out towards the front door.

"Call me if you need anything. I need to get this one home" he said, not bothering to turn around.

"Tell Sanegeyama thank you for the help he's done today... I was worried Ryuko wouldn't have woken up if that drug dealing fuck didn't know everything about... Everything illegal" Satsuki said, Gamagoori nodding in response.

"That's what friends are for" he said, door closing behind him.

Satsuki sat on the cold marble countertop, perfectly content with staying there. There was no way she was going to go in to Ryuko; she couldn't face her.

*" Why would you do that... She's gonna move out now. Watch. Why would anyone stay if their sibling said that to them?!"* Satsuki thought, beginning to tear up.

*" At least I could save her from Nui... But even then... That's my fault, too. "* the girl thought, digging her nails into her arms, which made her skin tear and open beneath them.

*" Damn Nonon... Those pills really were the only prescription pills I had left to abuse... Weed isn't gonna cut it. I don't have an ID for alcohol. I'm not 21, and Inumuta is still in holding in prison, so no fake ID..."* she sighed, leaning back into the mirror, kicking her foot

into the wooden cabinets below, the hit being enough to crack the doors.

"Hey" came a soft, nervous voice. Satsuki's head shot up, blue eyes meeting a pair almost identical to her own.

" *Fuck* "

"You ok? You really tore the shit out of your hands back there" Ryuko whispered, leaning against the door frame. Satsuki's heart dropped. Was Ryuko ignoring what happened? What she said?

" *You fucked it up god dammit* " Satsuki thought, holding back a cry as she kept up her efforts to hold eye contact.

"Yeah... Sanegeyama wrapped my hands for me. They left Nui there. I don't know if she's dead or not, but regardless of the outcome, my mother's gonna be coming for me. We need to get out of here as fast as we can"

"Why?" Ryuko asked, voice rising slightly. Was she getting a tone with her?

"Because my mother is the richest person on this fucking dirt ball? She owns over 90% of the world's clothing lines. She can have anything happen because she can just pay people off. The laws hardly apply to her"

"Then they shouldn't to you"

*What?*

"Tell me, Satsuki. If anyone inherits that money, who would it be?"

"Nui and Junketsu"

"What if they couldn't?"

"Ryuko, what the actual fuck are you talking about? You're sounding really fucking crazy"

"Just fucking answer me, Christ!"

"You and I would. I've isolated myself from her, but she's convinced that leaving you and myself in the inheritance will persuade me to come back, because I *surely* must be as materialistic and vain as she is"

"Then why can't you pay the authorities off if you, accidentally, help me kill her?"

Satsuki began to laugh hysterically, going for a minute or so before she realized Ryuko was still looking at her with that serious face.

"You're being *serious* ?!" Satsuki yelled.

"I'm dead fucking serious"

"Why?!"

"Listen, Nui didn't give me enough chloroform. I was still sorta conscious, enough to hear her talking on the phone. Do you know what? My dad didn't have a fucking heart attack. She fucking snuck in and killed him. She poisoned him. The poison caused him to go into cardiac arrest, and Ragyo helped her get away with it. They did it so I would go there and you would try to get me back. They weren't going to bring you to a land of sunshine and ponies, that's for fucking sure"

"What if we can't pay them off? What if we get caught?"

"Then we'll have to expose them for what they are" Ryuko said, surprisingly calmly, and looked down.

"Satsuki... I'm not gonna let Ragyo have you. Ever." said the younger girl without too much of a warning.

"Hm?" Satsuki asked.

"I love you, too. I fucking love you so much it hurts. And I want to touch you, I want to hold you and tell you everything's going to be ok. I heard Nui just talking about all of the things they wanted to do and... I can't. I can't have that. I know you're scared but I don't want you to run away because you're scared of my reaction. This is my reaction. I love you." burst Ryuko, looking up at Satsuki, tear streaks lining her face.

"And, if for some reason this doesn't work, and we lose... I want you to know that. I want you to know how much I want to be yours, before they fucking skin us or something. But I don't want you living in fear like this anymore. To me, this is do or die. You tried this whole time to protect me, and I need to do something for you" she continued.

Satsuki stood up and faced Ryuko, their eyes meeting. The older considered leaning in for a kiss, Ryuko's eyes looking glazed with lust, her breaths short and quick. Satsuki raised her eyebrows and squeezed past her sister, walking into her room and opening her closet.

"I don't know if you know this... But Sanegeyama was blinded by a sword. My mother believes guns have changed the world and that we have lost our traditions... So she fights the way our 'ancestors' did. It's silly, but I swear that's what she does. I have my sword that was made for me, and I have yours. Dad gave it to me before we were separated. I think he knew, somehow, he wouldn't be around to send Ragyo away or.. you know, fucking kill her. So here" Satsuki finished, tossing a strange, red handled sword towards her sister. it's sheath was sewn together, and appeared to be real leather, dyed black. It was rather oddly shaped, and Ryuko couldn't help but remove it from it's casing. When removed, it appeared to be less of a sword and more of a... Scissor? But only half of one. It was sleek and sharp, it glistened in the light shining through the window.



"It was a joke. He wanted to cut up her 'tacky clothing', as he called it." Satsuki smiled, removing a white sheathed, metal katana. As she unsheathed it, the blade was onyx black, just as sharp as the weird... Scissor-thing she held. They were beautiful, but all Ryuko could manage was, "Wow, that's pretty nerdy", which yielded a hard punch in the shoulder from her sister.

"Says you, with that red streak in your hair" Satsuki sneered, grabbing the scissor from her sister, tossing the two blades in her closet.

"Now that all of that serious stuff is out of the way..." Satsuki began, placing her hand on Ryuko's lower back and pulling her close.

"We're gonna die, huh?"

"I hope not" Ryuko whispered, her gaze now focused on her sister's lips.

"Why?"

"Because I haven't gotten to kiss you" Ryuko said nervously, Satsuki taking the hint and tilting her head down, Ryuko growing impatient as she closed the distance, closing them into a passionate kiss. Satsuki then knew what it was like to see the universe when she closed her eyes, her mind orbiting the center of that universe was her sister, who was grabbing fistfuls of her hair as the two found their way to the bed, the older pinning down the younger softly as she chewed on the tender flesh of her neck.

"F-fuck that's incredible" Ryuko huffed, her partner's hands snaking up her shirt to feel her bare breasts under it's soft fabric.

"Did you uh... Forget to put a bra on?" Satsuki asked, curiously, beginning to tease her little sister's nipples, that were, without any stimulation, already furiously hard.

"I... I guess so..." Ryuko huffed, her back arching up, causing her to grind against her sister, who was beginning to lose any sort of restriction she had. She quickly removed Ryuko's shirt, exposing her blushing skin underneath, breasts perfectly round, her stomach was toned and Satsuki couldn't help but run her fingers over it.

"I played Rugby for a couple of years..." She chuckled, freezing when Satsuki had unbuttoned her jeans, gasping and smiling with anticipation as she revealed a red and black garterbelt underneath, black stockings going down the entirety of her legs.

"Oh I should have taken your socks off... Look at this... Ryuko-chan is somehow magically ready for her sister? It's almost like she planned this, or something..." Satsuki mused, removing the girl's socks and jeans to expose the full picture.

"Damn..." Satsuki huffed, Ryuko crossing her legs with an innocent look on her face as she turned away.

"Don't try to be coy with me..." Satsuki grinned, removing her own shirt and unclasping her bra.

"When did you get into this?"

"Honestly? Before the date... In case anything happened..."

"You little lynx..." Satsuki sighed, removing her own jeans, staying in nothing but a pair of lacy white lingerie that matched the bra that now laid on the floor. Ryuko smiled from ear to ear, realizing that her sister was wearing a white and blue garterbelt herself.

"I guess we are related" Ryuko remarked, moaning loudly when Satsuki had already slipped her fingers between her thighs, feeling the soft fabric of the stockings as she ran her fingertips up.

"Sensitive, are we?"

"Just really excited!" Ryuko said, a little too loudly. Satsuki giggled, kissing the exposed area of skin that the stockings left uncovered, causing the girl beneath her to shiver.

"Have you ever done this before?" Satsuki asked, twirling her finger closer and closer to where Ryuko wanted her to be.

"No... But I want it to be with you..." Ryuko whimpered, body reacting so extremely to her touch.

*" God, just when I thought she couldn't get any hotter... "*

"I mean... I've gotten myself off before... But I've never been with anyone..." Ryuko stuttered, eager as ever.

*" I have been corrected once more "*

"Can I fuck the shit out of you, *please* ?" Satsuki asked, eyes closed as she was extraordinarily embarrassed that she had just said that out loud.

"Please, onee-sama..." Ryuko begged, biting her lip.

*" Yeah ok she's gonna regret that. Bye, Ryuko's sweet innocence "*

"Stay here"

"Ok?"

"Do you have a safeword?"

"... Can it be 'eyebrows?'"

"... Sure" Satsuki rolled her eyes, walking to the closet and retrieving a large, black leather harness. Ryuko's face twisted into a cheshire cat grin, body squirming.

"Are you gonna do what I think you're gonna do?"

"Make you bow to me? Yeah. Dominate the shit out of you? Yeah. Subjugate yourself." Satsuki grinned, a large toy strapped into the harness.

"Be gentle?" Ryuko whined, Satsuki began to work on a hickey, smiling as she bit down into her sister once more, causing her to yelp.

"Do I have to be?"

"At first... Once I'm used to it, feel free to lose your shit" teased the squirming girl. Her sister lightly held her down against the bed, finishing an array of hickies, Ryuko feeling herself throb as her sister continued to rub her nipples.

"You're gonna make it so people know we did something..." the younger whimpered again, pulling her sister into a kiss, biting down on the girl's lip. Satsuki squeaked, blood trickling down, Ryuko licking it absentmindedly.

"I want them to, you kinky little thing..." she whispered in response, letting the blood run its course. Once it had stopped bleeding as intensely, Satsuki kissed down Ryuko's torso and down to her pelvis, tugging on the underwear. Ryuko nodded, Satsuki sliding them down.

"Oh my God... You're so beautiful" the older sister whispered, pressing her tongue onto the tip of her clit.

"F-fffuck..." Ryuko huffed, tiny moans and squeaks escaping her lips.

"You taste better than I could have ever imagined..." Satsuki said softly, dragging her tongue up and down her throbbing cunt, tasting all of her sister's cum.

"Stop t-teasing m-me, Sats! It's so good please just fuck me" pleaded the smaller girl, legs spread wide open and inviting.

"Fine, fine. I thought giving you head would be common courtesy" joked her partner, sliding her middle finger up and down over her clit, Ryuko wrapping her legs around Satsuki as she cried out in pleasure.

"God, never stop moaning like that" Satsuki breathed, slipping a finger inside, Ryuko beginning to tremble.

"I'm sorry I'm... So sensitive just... This is fucking wonderful..." she panted as her sister added another finger, pumping them in her slowly.

"Why are you so tight?"

"That's just how I am!" Ryuko struggled out, three fingers now stretching and filling the young girl's pussy, Satsuki smiling as Ryuko grasped for her to kiss her. Her body was already covered in sweat, skin like fire. Her eyes begged for more, and it was bringing out the animal instinct within the opposite older girl's.

"I'm gonna go inside with my strap, are you gonna be ok?" Satsuki asked, the girl beneath her nodding furiously. Satsuki pressed the tip of the toy in, causing Ryuko to buck forward, taking more into her.

"Eager, are we?" Satsuki smirked, pumping her hips into Ryuko.

"Fuck! Holy fucking... Ahh..." she whimpered, body shaking with force now.

"Is that too much?"

"No, I love it"

"Good, because so do I" Satsuki finished, gripping onto her partner's hips, gaining rhythm as Ryuko bucked against her sister's thick shaft and rubbing her sister's tits in return. Satsuki shivered, speed increasing as Ryuko raised her legs back and up, giving Satsuki optimum room to ravage her.

"Onee-sama you're so good..." whimpered Ryuko, her sister pulling out abruptly.

"No! Please don't stop..."

"Get on your hands and knees" Satsuki said, voice cool and commanding. Ryuko did as she was told, exposing her ass into the air. Her sister spanked her, leaving a swelling red mark, Ryuko moaned and arched her back, Satsuki pressing herself into her once more. Satsuki began to thrust relentlessly, stockings tearing beneath her from the friction.

"Sats-... Baby... Fuck, that... Onee-saaaamaaa..." Ryuko began to increase in volume as Satsuki tugged on her hair, one hand entangled within the similar dark raven colored locks that they shared, one on her shoulder, a faint smacking sound increasing as Ryuko bit into the pillow underneath her.

"Ahhh... Satsuki, I'm gonna-" and then it came all at once, Ryuko screaming her sisters name over and over as she let her ride her into the mattress, never having cum so hard in her whole damn life.

"You said all night, yeah?" Ryuko managed through short breaths.

"Of course"

"More" Ryuko demanded, ass rearing into the air.

"Since we're gonna die and all" she smiled sadly.

"Don't say that. I won't let that happen" Satsuki said, grasping her sister's ass for seconds.

"I can't let you die right when you just became mine"

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**I AM SO SORRY I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED**

**I FELT GUILTY FOR BEING GONE FOR SO LONG SO**

**HERE'S THAT**

**SISCON**

**YOU GUYS WANTED**

**SORRY/NOT SORRY**

**-Rayne**